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Selections.

THE CHRISTIANA TREASON TRIALS.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—JUDGES GRIER AND KANE.

CLOSE OF FOURTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Henry H. Kline (cross-examined by Mr. Stevens, in continuation).

I was ahead of all the party pursuing the negro, I think, as I saw nobody ahead; after I tell they passed me, and might then have seen another negro that I did not see; can't tell whether the horns were blown at the house; the one at Parker's I heard quite plain; it might have been the echo I heard; I stood at the mouth of the short lane, and the negroes stood on the side of the long lane, farthest from the house of Parker; Hanway walked his horse from the bars where I first spoke to him down to the intersection of the two lanes; fifteen or twenty negroes were there at that time; I think Dr. Pearce was there; and Mr. Lewis came up afterwards and repeated what I have said about the negroes defending themselves: Lewis at one time was about the length of a table from the bars; Lewis was about to go away, when Hanway spoke something to the negroes, and was about 2 or 3 yards off or more; there was no other white man there at the time; there was a white boy came there afterwards, before Hanway left; he came with Mr. Lewis, I judged; he did not come near us, but stood off; John Bouley was not there before Hanway rode away; the boy examined at Lancaster was at the scene of action; George Washington Scott I saw on the ground among the first party that came; he came up with the coloured men after Hanway came; he had no arms; and stood off; he looked a little scearish; I am not mistaken in him; I was in the lane when the firing took place, where Mr. Gorsuch was killed; I am sure I got over into the corn field; I was in the long lane when I saw Joshua Gorsuch and Dr. Pearce trying to get on Hanway's horse; I was on the hill of the woods looking right down to the lane; this was after I had taken Dickinson Gorsuch to the woods; it was after Hanway crossed the creek; I went to the woods but once, and that was after I took Mr. Gorsuch up there; I never told anybody that I had withdrawn to the woods before the firing took place; I had a conversation with a boy and the 'Squire'; I asked them where I could get a doctor; and another boy at the mill; the boy who came with Lewis, seemed to come from the woods; the boy did not get down to the mouth of the lane; he was about 50 feet from it, on the side of the woods; the boy I spoke to at the mill was the smaller boy; the other one was standing some distance off, he halted when I spoke, but asked no questions; don't know whether he heard what I said; don't know Thompson Long-head; the boy I followed, who was with Mr. Lewis, stopped to talk with the boy at the mill; I saw no other man there but the Squire, or I should have took particular notice of him; neither of the boys said to me that I ought to have taken my men away before the firing took place, when I saw so many darkies; no such words were spoken; I knew other blacks there besides Washington Scott: I don't know their names, but can tell their faces: Morgan was there to the best of my knowledge and belief; Henry Sims was there before the firing; George Williams was there; can't recollect Nelson Carter by name; I have seen all in jail, and all I have pointed out were there; can't say that all in jail were there, as somebody else may have arrested them; I have been down to jail but once, and saw one or two; can't tell Charles Hunter by name.

Mr. Stevens said, from the course of our defence, it is necessary that the prisoners should be brought into court, that the witness may identify him. He is the principal witness for the United states, and has before identified most of them. I want that he shall now, from his present recollection, point who among them was there, that I may show that all the witness has sworn to is false. I hope, therefore, that they will be ordered into Court.

District Attorney Ashmead said, he had no objection to have them in Court, but the matter was a collateral issue. If they should be sent for now, they would not be able to have them in Court before the hour of adjournment.

Mr. Stevens—It is not a collateral issue. If war has been declared, we must see the soldiers.

Judge Grier—Go on with the other part of the cross examination, and, if necessary, we can send for the prisoners at another time.

Joseph Lewis, for the prisoner, subjected the witness to a very severe cross-examination, as to his passage from Philadelphia to Christiana, and through the intermediate places backwards and forwards, and particularly as to his visit to Downingtown, to look for Agen. His object in going to the Gap was also closely scrutinised, and his reason for passing the first house in which it was said one of the slaves resided. The persons seen within the house of Parker, while witness continued near it, were required to be severally described; but in this particular the witness spoke generally, except as to the one he saw go into the house. The name of each of the prisoners was called to witness' attention, but he could not describe them by name any fuller than he had previously done.

Judge Grier asked Mr. Stevens if he desired a *habeas corpus ad testificandum* to issue to the coloured prisoners as he should name?

Mr. Stevens replied that he did.

District Attorney Ashmead wanted to know why the white prisoners, Lewis and Scarlet, were not to be sent for. If an order is to be made it had better embrace all the prisoners.

Mr. Stevens thought that the counsel for the U. States had better permit the counsel for the prisoners to say who they wanted in Court for the purpose of recognition.

Mr. Ashmead asked that the Court would embrace in the writ all the prisoners not named by Mr. Stevens, so that all might be in Court this morning.

The Clerk was directed so to draw up the writ.

Wm. Miller and John Jenkins were called to be sworn as officers to take charge of the jury.

Judge Grier said—He had often observed that the oath usually administered to officers, was such as necessarily to compel them to break it as soon as it was administered. It was the form of oath used in civil cases, and required the officers not to speak to the jurors themselves, except to ask them whether they had agreed upon a verdict, nor permit any other person to speak to them. One of the first questions they have to ask is, where the jury would like to go? and others of a like character. It means not to speak to the jurors upon the subject they have to decide; but does not say so. Perjury is becoming too common; and he did not want to place an officer in a position where he would be compelled to violate the oath he has to take. He therefore would add a few words to the form of oath. These were—That they would not speak to the jurors upon the subject they had before them, nor permit any one else to do so.

Judge Kane informed the jurors, that after they had passed into the custody of the officers, letters or notes to their families upon family affairs or business matters, could be transmitted to their homes or places of business on giving notice, and being inspected; but in no instance could letters or notes be permitted to pass into the possession of a juror, without first being inspected by the U. S. Marshal.

The Court then adjourned until this morning at 10 o'clock.

FIFTH DAY.—SATURDAY, NOV. 29.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT—Judges Grier and Kane.—The Court met at 10 o'clock, to resume the Christiana treason case. The excitement to hear it is evidently on the increase. The passage ways were crowded to a greater extent than on any of the preceding days.

The object that first struck the eye on entering the court-room, this morning, was a row of coloured men seated on the north side of the room. They were cleanly in their appearance, and their heads and faces presented strong presumptive evidence that they had just escaped from the hands of the barber. These were the coloured prisoners alleged to have been engaged in the treason at Christiana, and numbered twenty-four. They were all similarly attired, wearing around their necks, "red, white and blue scarfs." Lucretia Mott was at their head. This, we believe is her first appearance in Court since the trials have commenced. Her dignified and benevolent countenance ever attracts attention. Under that calm exterior there glows a fire, kindled by charity, which is as universal as it is ardent and enduring.

One of the coloured persons, whose name is Collister Wilson, was too unwell to be brought from prison this morning. It is but just to say that these coloured men, taken together, will compare in personal appearance with an equal number of the same race taken indiscriminately from any part of the world.

The two white men, Lewis and Scarlett, were also brought from prison, but occupied the rear or east end of the Court room. These two appeared to be between 30 and 40 years of age, and, judging from their garb, do not belong to the Society of Friends, as has been generally supposed.

On inquiring how it happened that the coloured prisoners were all dressed alike, we were informed, that they had been clothed by a committee of ladies belonging to the Abolition Society, who have been very attentive to them since they have been in prison.

Considerable delay occurred in getting into business this morning, in consequence of the writ issued yesterday to bring all the prisoners into Court, for the purpose of recognition by the witness Kline.

District Attorney Ashmead contended, that if Kline was asked any question by the counsel for deft., in reference to either of the prisoners being at the scene where the alleged treason took place, they would be bound by that answer, and could not contradict him, as it was upon a collateral issue.

Mr. John M. Read asked that he might be permitted to mention a matter to the Court. He said that the health of the prisoner Hanway is such as to require freer air. On account of his confinement he has suffered very much from a pain in the breast. Mr. R. said that the prisoner's health has always been bad.

Judge Grier said that it was customary in most cases where the prisoner is uncondemned, to have them in confinement; but in a matter where health is concerned, indulgence might be granted. The Judge directed the Marshal to provide him with better apartments.

Mr. Read said, that in order to facilitate the case, they would ask the prisoner to name those who were there; and to omit asking questions concerning those who were not there, so that afterwards they might produce evidence to show that such persons, as were identified by the witness, were not present at all. It is to avoid keeping so many witnesses in attendance when it can be dispensed with.

Judge Grier said, that in a case of this description, they would not make any premature decision. It is not necessary to prove the identity now of the whole 100 who were present on the occasion mentioned. It is in this case only collateral matter. It might be raising here forty or fifty collateral issues, having no bearing at all upon the case of Hanway.

Judge Kane said, that he concurred in Judge Grier's opinion. The application was, therefore, not granted.

The prisoners were directed to retire from the Court-room forthwith to an adjoining room. After they arrived there, they displayed that peculiar light-heartedness which is so characteristic of their race. They laughed and chatted together as if they had met upon a holiday.

Judge Grier said, that they could not try thirty-eight issues in one, therefore the examination will be confined to the prisoner on trial.

The attention of the Court was called to several mistakes in the reports of the Phonographer.

Henry H. Kline, cross-examined — resumed by Thaddeus Stevens—I have not told any person that I saw a man shoot old John Gorsuch; I did not tell Jacob Whitson the above thing, nor anybody else; I did not tell any-person that Hanway gave particular aid to the negroes; I did not tell Samuel Loughlin that Hanway gave the negroes orders to shoot; I did not tell Mr. Loughlin that I was in the woods when the firing took place; I did not tell any person that the firing in the lane took place between 5 and 7 o'clock; I can't tell the time of day nearer; I could not tell by the sun; the sun was not up when I heard the warrants read in the house; it was three-quarters of an hour from the time I chased the negro in the house to the time I heard the firing in the lane; it might be so long, or longer, I can't tell; I did not tell Mr. Cooper that if my men had obeyed, there would have been no firing; I had not a word with Mr. Cooper, for I took good care of him and two or three others; I saw Mr. Cooper on the next morning, the 12th, that was the only time I saw him; I did not tell him that I called my men three times to come on, and that they would not obey; I was very careful what I said; I don't know Whitson by name; I remember going to a house on Sunday after Parker: I saw a man there, but said nothing to him; I did not see the white men with arms; they might have had something in their pockets; six of my men had revolvers; I had a revolver in my pocket; we had a guide; I thought he was a white man; I did not discharge my revolver after the fight began; I was near the end of the lane at the time; as soon as the cars left the Gap, I went to Parker's house; it was about 12 or 2 o'clock.

Question by J. W. Ashmead—You said that you were careful in your conversation with Mr. Cooper; now tell why you were careful?

Mr. Stevens objected to the question.

The question was overruled. The Court said that he had given the answer. He was cautioned in regard to him.

Question by Mr. Brent—I saw Mr. Cooper at Christiana the day of the murder; he was of the Coroner's jurors; Mr. Gorsuch ran across the lane to the door; I fell, and he had a better opportunity of seeing more than I did.

By R. M. Lee—I met Mr. Scarlett coming up on a horse which was in sweat; he was not at the scene of action as I saw.

Dr. Thomas Pearce sworn—I am a resident of Baltimore Co., Md.; I resided and do reside, along side of the late Edward Gorsuch; I am related to him; I am a nephew; I accompanied Mr. Edward Gorsuch, H. Kline and others to Christiana in the month of September last; I arrived there on the morning of the 11th of September last; on the way up the road, from Christiana towards Parker's, towards the west, I heard a bugle; the sound was not remote; I arrived at Parker's home about the dawn of day; we passed along the long lane, and before we came to the short lane a black person was discovered and chased to the house, Mr. Kline and Marshal in front; my uncle was next; I was in the rear; we went across in an angle and reached the house; I received a severe blow from a missile from the house over the right eye; the missiles were kept up for some time after the warrant was read; after we found we could not effect an entrance to the house the warrants were read; Kline called for the proprietor; the warrants were then taken out and read for Josh and Nelson; they were read by the Marshal; he told them he was the Marshal; they were read to the man called the proprietor; the conversation was kept up in this way; the Marshal said he had come to arrest them, and that he would do it; he then wrote an order for more men; the blacks up stairs asked for time to consider; during this time, the prisoner rode up; the Marshal told him the case, and asked him to assist, which he positively refused to do; he handed the warrants to a man by his side, who also read them; the man on the horse said "you had better go home, and not come here to make arrests, you can't do it;" he continued, and said something about blood, I could not tell what; I heard the Marshal tell the man on the horse that he was the Marshal.

The Marshal said that we had better go, they were gathering too strong to make an arrest; they came in great numbers, and armed with clubs, corn-cutters, pistols, &c.; my uncle went towards the bars and he came back; I said to the Marshal that we had better get together, and defend ourselves as well as we could; after that the blacks got between my uncle and myself; they were yelling; here another party passed me singing, "we are free;" I saw one of my uncle's slaves running, apparently, with a determination to shoot; he was in the attitude of shooting; my uncle was struck on the head with a club; he fell on his knees, and was then shot; he fell, and I thought he was dead; I saw my uncle's son. Dickinson Gorsuch, with a pistol in the attitude of shooting; I think I heard the report of his pistol; guns were fired in every direction; I made my escape as well as I could; I saw Hanway near the creek; I ran up to him; Joshua Gorsuch overtook him, and asked him to loan him his horse, or sell it; he asked Hanway to arrest the negroes; he said he could do nothing for us, it was not a lawful act.

I forgot to state that the blacks were, I thought, about giving up, until Hanway came up, when they gave a yell; I recognised Noah, one of my uncle's slaves; the blow I received gave me a black eye; I staggered; I also received, while among the blacks, a shot in the wrist and two shot in the spine; my clothes had a great many shot in them; I received a ball through my hat which slightly wounded the scalp; the first gun I saw fired was from the window, at my uncle; I told my uncle that a gun was pointed out of the window, and to be careful not to go up; the shot from the window went over my uncle's head; the negroes were near enough to hear what was said, for they occupied one side of the road and we the other.

[A plan of the place was laid before the witness, so that he could point out the precise localities of the parties engaged.]

I was some six or eight steps from the bars towards Parker's house; the Marshal was in the long lane; the corn-fields intervening between myself and where the Marshal stood, prevented me from seeing him; I think there were about eighty negroes there.

I saw some white men running away at the time I was making my escape; I saw Dickinson Gorsuch the next morning in a prostrate condition; his pulse was very low; he had 40 shots in the arm and 30 in his side; I thought he would not recover, for respiration was very hard, and fever high, and pulse very low. I saw Joshua Gorsuch on the Saturday after, the same week, at home in Maryland; he was in bed; he had a wound in the head, injuring the occupital bone; it affected his mind, When I asked Hanway to arrest the blacks, he turned to them and said nothing; after that, Joshua and myself continued up the lane; I ran along side of Joshua for a time, but finding they were making at us very fast, I ran ahead of Joshua; I looked back, and saw a black strike him on the head with the butt end of a gun; he fell forward; I had a conversation with Hanway, but I don't recollect what he said; I asked him why he had come there, that he had better staid away; he gave me a very decided answer, which struck me.

Mr. J. W. Ashmead asked what the prisoner's manner was on that occasion, to which Mr. Stevens objected, on the ground that it was making the witness a judge of manner instead of a narrator of facts.

Witness—The conversation was angry on both sides; there were different groups of negroes; the group at the bars was composed of about 10 blacks; the yell came from the blacks who came from the house; it was after the reading of the warrant; the firing commenced at the time of the yell, and after my uncle was knocked down; I think the blacks could hear the reading of the warrant; I heard a halloo for help from the house as we were coming up; I was about fifteen steps off when the conversation took place between the Marshal and Hanway; I saw some seven or eight men running from the house towards the creek.

I saw several negroes that day riding up on horseback; they were certainly armed; I saw Noah running up towards the house; he was one of the party who came up on horseback; he did not come out of the house; I saw Dickinson Gorsuch, he had a bleeding at the mouth, which must have proceeded from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Cross-examined—At the time I heard the conversation between Kline and Hanway, Mrs. Lewis was by; they were on the mouth of the lane, between the bars and the long lane, in the mouth of short lane; the coloured persons who were loading their guns were on the other side of the lane; by the Marshal, I mean Mr. Kline; Hanway was going down the lane on horseback, towards the house; he was about midway between Short lane and the creek.

The blacks on the other side of the lane had passed up; no firing had then taken place; from the time that I returned from the Marshal to the time I escaped, I heard no firing in the long lane; I never said that while I was making my escape that Hanway interposed and asked the blacks to go back; I said that I believed when he turned he turned back a part of the negroes, and doing that might have saved my life; I don't recollect telling Dr. Dickinson so. I did not tell Dr. Patterson so.

I never have told any person that if I had left the ground there would have been no firing; I don't recollect telling James Henderson so; I recollect saying that if he had acted with forethought, we might have been together, and the result been different; I may have said that had my uncle retired, the affair would have turned out differently; I did not tell Mr. Lewis Cooper that the Marshal was a poor thing and ran from the ground on the first intimation of danger.

I did not tell Levi Pownell that Kline was a monstrous poor thing, and a coward, and that I had no confidence in him; I expressed the opinion that if Hanway had turned back, and said anything, that it might have saved my life; I did not hear Hanway say anything to them; I think Hanway was there sufficiently long to take Joshua upon his horse.

Mr. Brent asked the witness to state what he heard Hanway say to restrain the blacks, or make them go back?

Mr. Stevens objected to the question. He said it was an insinuation coming from counsel which he was sure would not be tolerated in any case, particularly in one of this character.

Mr. Brent replied, that the gentleman's statement that it was a mere insinuation was unwarrantable, and he disclaimed and such thing.

Judge Grier said, that it seemed like a recommencement; that they could ask the witness any thing in relation to the fact of the prisoner's restraining the blacks; anything of the kind that may have been done by Hanway, can certainly be placed in evidence.

Mr. Brent said that he wanted to rebut the idea that Hanway saved the life of the witness by turning back.

The question was sustained by the Court.

Witness—I did not hear anything on Hanway's part to restrain the violence of the blacks.

Question by Mr. Cooper—We were in advance of Hanway and the dense mass was far behind him.

Question by Mr. Stevens—I did not see Hanway use weapons at any time.

Joshua Gorsuch, sworn—I was neighbour to the late Edward Gorsuch; I am a cousin to Edward Gorsuch; I accompanied Mr. Kline, Edward Gorsuch and others to Christiana in the month of September last; arrived there on the morning of the 11th.

I heard a bugle as we were going up to Mr. Parker's; it was to my right; we went on then to the bars; we heard some one singing; we proceeded to the house; when we arrived there, Edward Gorsuch told his servant Nelson to come down and give himself up; that it would be better for him.

They said he was not there; Mr. E. Gorsuch said "yes, he is, I saw him;" I was struck on the top of the shoulder with a block; powder flashed in the window.

Edw. Gorsuch then said, I want my property; the blacks said they were not there; I observed that perhaps you do not know them by the name we give, for they assume fictitious names; the Marshal read the warrants.

There was a man on horseback there; the Marshal went to him; by this time a large number of blacks were in the Short Lane; they were congregating all around.

The Marshal said, "come on, I hold this man responsible; provided this man is worth it, your property is secure;" the man he had reference to was Hanway.

The Marshal said, "come on;" he was struck with a club and knocked down; I tried to shoot one of them; they fell to and beat me; my cap snapped; I aimed at the man who struck me.

I ran and saw Dickinson, the son of Edward, by the bars; he saw the lane strewed with coloured persons and some whites; the blacks followed crying "kill him, kill him;" every one who could get a lick at me struck me.

I saw a man on horseback, whom I asked to let me get on behind; I was then knocked down with something heavy; I received a great many blows; my cap was lined and had in it two handkerchiefs, and had it not been for them, I would not have been standing here to-day; I went to a house kept by a man named Rogers; I saw the Marshal there; I then went to Davis' store to buy a hat; I asked some of them to carry me on to Penningtonville; a man agreed to take me there for a dollar; I gave it to him, but he would not keep it; I went to Penningtonville, then I got in the cars and went to Columbia, then to Wrightsville, then to York; the man of the cars wanted me to go home with him; I could not go home with any definite account of my friends, so I would not go; I saw Joshua Hammond, Edward Gorsuch's slave, there; Edward said to him there is no use of going on that way; he was going on like a savage; I saw another of my cousin's slaves there, whom I took to be Noah Buley; I have no doubt that one of them was Josh Hammond; I heard several horns blowing from the window; it was before the blacks had assembled; they told us that there were but five in the house. There were about 150 blacks in the long lane, who arrived with stones, clubs, corn cutters, and I might have seen guns, but I don't recollect; the only firing I heard was from the window, and after they had commenced, the murder of Edward Gorsuch took place; when I received the last blow, I told the Marshal that I was about 5 or 6 miles from home—that I wanted to get a wagon to go to Baltimore; this makes me believe that I was knocked out of my mind; it is my opinion that Dickinson Gorsuch was going to the rescue of his father when I was leaving. I did not notice the countenance of the man whom I met on horseback (the witness' attention was directed to the prisoner, but he could not identify him). I don't know what reply the man on horseback made; I was not close enough to hear any conversation; the coloured people in the house stated that they felt like dying; the Marshal gave me an order for 20 men; I went on a piece to the other side of the run; I thought I heard some one call me; I went back, thinking they had given up; I then saw a man come on horseback; the blacks seemed to be inspired then; their countenances seemed to light up; I was taken worse when I returned home; I believe I am now seriously affected by the blow I received.

Dickinson Gorsuch, sworn—I am a son of the late Edward Gorsuch; I was with my father on the 11th of September last, at Parker's house, in Christiana; on my way up I heard a horn; it was about a quarter of an hour before I reached the house; as we came near the house, we saw a negro coming out of the lane; he stopped behind; I heard my father halloo to catch him; I went after him in company with Doctor Pearce; I went at the back part of the house to keep the negroes from getting out; I got on an out house; I was there at the time they gave the blacks permission to consider. I then saw a man on horseback coming up; all were away but my father and myself; they made a noise when the man on horseback came up; I saw Philip Pearce's boy coming out; the man who kept the house, Parker, said, "there he is, take him," pointing to Josh; before this I saw Josh riding up the lane with a gun; a little after I saw them striking my father with clubs; I was then struck on the arm with a club and shot in the side at the same time; I was bleeding very much and spitting blood; I asked a man to hold my head; he would not do it; I asked him to get me some water, and after asking several times he got it; I recognised the man afterwards in prison to be Scarlett, there were about eighty there; the blacks looked out of the window, and saw the man was standing at the bars; he was on a horse; the blacks then cheered; I saw two of my father's slaves there; Noah Buley and Josh Hammond; I was about ten feet off when they commenced to kill my father: I had my side to him; I could not reach my father for the crowd that was around him; my pistol was knocked out of my hand; I received about eighty shots in me; I remained at Mr. Pownell's three weeks before I could be removed; the horns from the house were blown before the negroes had assembled; I passed some blood from my lungs; I now feel the injuries; I have pains in my side, and it hurts me to cough. After Hanway had come to the bars, the blacks in the house all commenced stamping on the floor. No cross-examination.

Nicholas Hutchings, sworn—I was a neighbour of the late Edward Gorsuch, in the State of Maryland; I accompanied him on the 11th of September to the house of Parker; I heard a horn blowing, as I was going up; it came from the right. When we came to the house, Kline told the landlord that he was an officer, and came to make an arrest. Mr. Gorsuch saw one of his slaves at the window, and told him that he would forgive him if he would come back. Something was thrown out of the window which struck Mr. Pearce; a gun was fired, and shortly after, a horn was blown. They asked for some time to consult, when ten minutes were given them; in the meantime, a man rode up to the bars; the Marshal went up to him and asked him to assist; he then gave him the warrants; he then read them and passed them to Kline. Another man came up; Kline handed him the warrants to read; he looked at them and passed them back. I think, at that time about thirty negroes came up, armed with guns, clubs, scythes, &c. Kline called to us to leave the house, that he had some person who was responsible. He went to the short lane; Kline told me to follow him. The negroes rushed out of the house. I saw Dickinson Gorsuch come up, bleeding, and then I made my escape; I did not see the face of the man on horseback. There were 150 or more negroes there, I suppose; the gun fired out of the window was fired over old Mr. Gorsuch; the negroes were loading their guns at the time. I saw some of the slaves of old Mr. Gorsuch; one called Noah Buley; I saw no others. I feel certain it was Noah. I first saw Dickinson and Kline together, coming up to the woods; Kline had hold of him. At the time Hanway came up to the bars, they appeared to be in great spirits, shouting and singing; before that they seemed to be rather intimidated.

Cross-examined—I did not see the white men speak to the negroes. I was down in the lane when I saw Hanway with the Marshal.

Nathan Nelson, sworn—I was a neighbour of the late Edward Gorsuch, in the State of Maryland; I went with him, in the month of September, to the house of Mr. Parker, at Christiana; going up the road, we heard a bugle blown; we saw one or two negroes at the short lane; they saw us and ran; we pursued them to the house; when we got there, something was thrown out of the window; then a gun was discharged over the shoulder of Mr. Edw. Gorsuch; before the Marshal read the warrants, he gave them time to consider whether they would give themselves up; I don't know the time given them; at that time a man on horseback came; then they began to make a great noise; the Marshal hallooed to us to retire; that he held that man responsible for the property; when I got out in the lane, I saw the man on a horse, and a young man by his side; I saw one of Mr. Gorsuch's slaves there; he was called Noah Buley; I saw the face of the man on horseback; I take the prisoner to be the man; it was not long after Hanway appeared that the niggers came up; Hanway said to me, "I don't think you can do anything;" I replied, "I don't think we can;" I heard reports of guns; there were some seventy-five or one hundred niggers there; they were armed with guns, swords, scythes, clubs, &c.; I heard horns blown from the house and the surrounding country; the horns at the house were blown before the niggers assembled; it was about daylight; I saw Kline talking to Hanway.

Cross-examined—I heard the first horn before we got to the mouth of the long lane; I thought one of the horns which I heard was in the direction of the railroad; I can't tell how far it was; it was a heavy, foggy morning; I can't tell whether it was before or after 6 o'clock; Hanway was at the mouth of the short lane; the boy, who was standing by him, was called John Bolding; when they were together, Kline was not there with them; I did not see Kline come back after the firing; Hutchings and Kline were ahead of me; I did not say Hutchings and Kline were near the wood when the firing commenced; the first I saw of Dickinson Gorsuch after that, he was entering the wood wounded; Kline was then going from him; I did not see Kline bring Dickinson up the lane; after the firing commenced, I took towards the woods; I did not see Mr. Lewis Aball as I recollect; I did not see Lewis there at the time Hanway was reading the warrants; I left Hanway and the white man standing there; I don't know which way Mr. Hanway was looking.

Esther Nott, sworn—I reside in Strasbury township Lancaster county, two miles from Christiana; I recollect the occurrences in September last, in Christiana; I visited the battle ground that morning; I reached the ground some few minutes after the firing; Mr. Gorsuch was not then quite dead; I concluded there were between seventy-five and one hundred negroes there; a quantity of them were armed, and there was a good deal of firing; I was about two hundred yards from Parker's house, when the firing commenced; I saw Joseph Scarlett there; I knew him; I have known him for seven years, probably longer; Scarlett lives about a mile and a half from there; he was on horseback.

No cross-examination.

Question by Judge Grier—What was done with Mr. Gorsuch?

Witness—We removed him to where the inquest was held.

Question by Mr. Brent—The negroes scattered very soon after Mr. G.'s death. I heard no horns blown down that way.

John Mott, sworn (a boy about 15)—I recollect the morning in September last; the firing commenced about sunrise; there was a good deal of firing; I saw the battle almost 60 or 70 yards from Parker's house; there were about 100 negroes there; I saw a young man wounded by the big oak tree, about 40 or 50 yards from the short lane; Kline was with him; he brought him out and sat down.

Cross-examined—It was opposite the mouth of the long lane I first saw the wounded man; I saw him come out of the long lane.

Mr. Stevens announced to the Court, that by accurate measurement it has been found that the distance from the mouth of the long lane to the short lane is seventy-one yards. Plans of the ground have been furnished by the parties, from which the Court is enabled to learn accurately the precise position of persons and locality of places previously mentioned in the course of examination.

Mr. John W. Ashmead said that there were no more witnesses for the United States present, but that a number are in the debtor's apartment. He suggested to the Court the propriety of adjourning, it being near the hour for adjournment; and that it would give the officers trouble, and cause delay, to send for them now. The Court was therefore adjourned until Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, when the examination of witnesses for the U. States will be resumed.

After the Court had adjourned, the jurors made an application privately, to be permitted to attend some church which they might select. Their Honours granted the request.

Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., informed the Court that he and Mr. Cooper would not be in attendance on Monday, in consequence of a call to Washington. Mr. S. Said that his presence at Washington was absolutely necessary, as he had to take care of Mr. Forney.

SIXTH DAY—MONDAY, Dec. 1.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—Judges Grier and Kane.—The case of Castner Hanway was resumed this morning. The trial has lost none of its interest. The Court room was again filled, and the usual concourse of people gathered in the passage way leading thereto. The number of ladies present exceeded that of any previous day, many of whom belonged to the Society of Friends.

The jurors who had obtained leave of absence until to-day, were called, when only two answered to their names—George G. Leiper and Franklin Vansant. They were permitted to leave until Monday next.

Two bills were remitted this morning; one charging Hanway, Lewis and Scarlett jointly with treason; and one charging Hanway, Townsend and Williams with the same offence.

David Paul Brown said that he had a suggestion to make to the Court. He stated that a defendant in these cases is confined under his charge, and is in a dying state. He wished his condition might be alleviated. It was probable he would not survive the trials.

The Court directed the Marshal to see that he was properly cared for. His name is Collister Wilson.

Mr. Brown said that he believed others were suffering, among whom is a Jacob Moore, one of the defendants.

Miller Nott, sworn—I was aroused on the morning of the 5th by some sharp hallooing; I studied for a moment, when my little boy ran away, and I went after him, for fear he would get hurt; my son got there first; it was a little after sunrise when I got there; I saw a man on horseback going away; he was riding towards the north; he had not got to the branch when I saw him; negroes were behind him; I think he had no coat on; if he had, it was black; I saw no white men there; there was about 50 blacks between me and the man on horseback; about 12 or 15 negroes advanced toward where Dickinson was under the tree; an old coloured man came up; I stopped him and said, what this is you have been doing this morning? he said I have been doing nothing; he said to me, didn't you hear the horn blow? He started to where Dickinson was; I said stop, I want to know more about it; the 12 negroes came to Dickinson, and I said they will kill him; and I said "save him;" he did not answer; then I said mind what is before you; he then turned up his arms, and turned round and the blacks went back; they went toward the corn field; then went into the house; Josiah Clarkson, the coloured man, got on something high, and cried "order, order," and they all became still and quiet; the time I saw Mr. Gorsuch, was when the blacks were running through the corn-field; he was laying nearer the bars than the house; he was not quite dead then, when I went up to him; no one offered to move him; I saw Scarlett ride in at the mouth of the long lane; his horse was a little sweaty; he rode down the lane toward Parker's house and then rode out again; I don't know where he went then; I think to the mill; the way that Mr. Hanway would come by the road to the mill would not be a mile; it would be something less by the corn fields; the firing was over when I got there; Lewis lives about a mile from Parker's house; Scarlett lives about the same distance.

Question by J. W. Ashmead—What was the colour of the horse?

Witness—I don't know the colour of the horse.

Question by J. M. Read—Where were you at that time?

Witness—I was near the mouth of the long lane at the time, on the road running down toward my house.

John Nott, recalled—I got to this place about 10 minutes before my father; I went by the side of the road; standing against the fence, I could see Parker's house; they broke out of the house; a little after they came out they fired and dispersed out of the big lane into the little lane; at one time they fired at a tremendous rate; they were about 60 or 70 outside before they broke out; some were at the mouth of the little lane and some at the bar; I did not see any white men running; I did not see any negroes come up on horseback; I saw three or four horses hitched along the fence in the big lane; I did not know whose horses they were; I saw one of Mr. Gorsuch's slaves, as they are called, before they light; he was called John Bier; the last I saw him at the brick kiln about two months before, at Hanway's; he was passing by at the time; I did not see any blacks in the light when I saw Dickinson Gorsuch bleeding very much; he was about five feet from the place where he was seated; I got some water for him; I held an umbrella over his head; the negroes came up in great fury with clubs; my father said they will kill him; old Isaiah Clarkson; he did not say anything; my father repeated it; Clarkson did not answer.

Answer—My father said, "save him," and then Clarkson raised up his hands to the blacks, and then they turned back. I heard a coloured man, named Ezekiel Thompson, say he would as soon die as live. My father said he would kill him.

Mr. Brent asked what he meant by saying *he*.

Mr. Read objected to the question, on the ground that it was repeating the examination in chief, and that the witness could not tell whom his father meant.

Judge Grier said that it was evidently a gramatical error on the part of the boy. That he had used a pronoun of the third person singular, instead of the third person plural.

The witness, on being interrogated, said that he meant to have used the word *they* instead of *he*.

Judge Grier said that it was a very common error to use the singular for the plural, when narrating a story to the Court.

Witness—I saw Hanway going along the lane; negroes were behind him shooting; I did not see whom they were shooting at.

J. M. Read said that he would unfix the witness's position in the lane. For this purpose the counsel laid the plan before him, in order that he might point out the precise locality of the places named by him. This portion of the evidence was given to a select few, so that we were unable to obtain it. It was a matter more for the Court than the Jury.

Witness—I stood in the first position about a quarter of an hour before I removed to the second.

J. Franklin Reigart, affirmed—I am an Alderman of the city of Lancaster; I issued warrants for the arrest of Castner Hanway, Elijah Lewis, and others.

Mr. J. M. Read here interposed and asked the counsel what he intended to prove by the witness.

Mr. Brent said that he wanted the witness to narrate a conversation which took place between the Marshal and Castner Hanway.

Witness—The warrant was in reality issued by Mr. Gihon, the affidavit was signed by me; he got about fifty men and proceeded to the place; they brought back Hanway and Lewis to Mr. Loker's; while on the porch, Mr. Kline went up to them and said, "you white livered scoundrel, yesterday I pleaded to you like a dog for my life and to stop the blacks from firing, and you would not;" Lewis answered that he had to fly for his life; Hanway said nothing; I went up and told him that he must not create any excitement there; he answered that he could hardly suppress his feelings; he, however, went away.

Cross-examined by Mr. Read—Has not Mr. Kline a formidable pair of whiskers.

Witness—I thought he was a very singular looking man.

Mr. Read asked other questions in regard to the personal appearance of Mr. Kline, which was stopped by the Court.

Cross-examined by J. M. Read—What did Kline mean to you in regard to speaking to anybody to save his life. Mr. Read desired to show that he had, before the Aldermen, said he had not heard either Hanway or Lewis speak a word on the ground of the fight, and that the occasion spoken of by the witness was a mere ebulition of passion on the part of Kline. Mr. Read asked that the affidavit be put in evidence.

Judge Grier said that he thought the matter was irrelevant. As Judge Kane was about to deliver his opinion, Mr. Read said that he would not press the matter upon the Court.

Witness—At the time I was taking the affidavit, before the warrant was issued, I saw Mr. Lewis on the spot; in the room; I saw Hanway on the ground with Lewis at the time the constable was dispatched in the crowd; Lewis asked me if he might go to Lancaster; I saw the constable serve the warrant about 10 yards from the office, on both Hanway and Lewis.

Question by Mr. Brent—I think I saw Mr. Lewis in the room, at the time Kline was giving his evidence in my office.

William Proudfoot, sworn—I reside in Statsburg, Lancaster Co.; I am a constable there; the warrants for the arrest of Hanway, Lewis and others, were placed in my hands; I arrested Hanway and Lewis at Fred. Licher's house, in Christiana; I was there a little before them; I made the arrest myself; Hanway and Lewis had come to Christiana; I went out and took them into custody; they asked me if they could not get off until to-morrow; I told them I had no authority; Kline came up to Hanway and said, "You white livered scoundrel, if you had said one word yesterday, not one of our men would have been killed—you rather told them to shoot;" Hanway made no reply, but Elijah Lewis replied, "I did not; I heard nothing on either side about begging for lives."

Cross-examined by J. M. Read—I did not see Lewis and Hanway at Sercher's tavern before the warrants were issued. I first saw him at the porch of Sercher's house. It was known among the crowd that the deposition was taken for the purpose of making arrests. Lewis and Hanway were in the crowd.

Mr. Read asked the witness if he was personally willing that the prisoners should go to Lancaster until the next morning. Mr. Brent objected to the question.

Witness—They told me that they had been at the District Attorney's of Lancaster. They said that the District Attorney had nothing to do with it. I was not willing that they should go.

Charles Smith affirmed—I reside in Chester Co., almost two miles from Christiana; I recollect the morning when Kline and the party came up; the morning when they came up, a coloured man—

Mr. Lewis stopped the witness at this point, and said that he supposed the witness was called to testify to the same as had been sworn to before by Ald. Reigard, and that he had marked on the affidavit (which he handed to the Court) the parts to which he should object. I apprehend that this stands upon the same basis as any other conversation between third parties.

Judge Grier said—Would it be irrelevant to shew the fact that a person went from here to give notice to the neighbourhood—but any conversation would perhaps be irrelevant?

Mr. Lewis replied—That such information might have been given by a stranger to the whole affair. That there must be a connecting link between the actor and the action, which there is not. This does not form part of the transaction, but cause; there has been no evidence and will be none to prove the connection.

M. G. L. Ashmead said—that one of the witnesses stated that they met a coloured man on going up, who followed Kline to Christiana; that the same coloured man, named Samuel Williams, informed the witness on the stand, that he had left a paper at Christiana containing the fact that persons were coming up to arrest

Edward and his son; I saw the body of Edward lying in the orchard; I did not take him to my house; I did not move him at all; the inquest had not been held; I left and went to Penningtonville.

Question by Mr. Brent—Did you see any of the wounds?

Answer—I saw only bleeding at the mouth; he said he wished notice to be given to the slaves; he used the word slaves; I did not know where any of the slaves were; I did not know; he did not tell me from whom he got this information; I did not ask him.

Cross-examined—Boyd's adjoins my place; 2 miles from Parker's.

Dr. Augustus Cain, affirmed—I reside near Christiana; about 800 or 1000 yards from that place; it is about 2 1-2 miles from Parker's house; on the 10th of September last, in the afternoon, Josephus Washington presented a paper to me with three names on it—the first I do not recollect; the second I do not know; the second name was "Josh;" the third name was Ford, with a dash after it and under; it was written Hartford County, Maryland; another coloured man was with him.

Question by Mr. Brent—A coloured man told me that the kidnappers were at Parker's; it was six o'clock in the morning; the first man that told me was Francis Harkins, a coloured man; I heard of the murder on the forenoon of that day; I was called upon to dress the wounds of two coloured persons on the forenoon of the day; there were two—one was wounded in the arm, the other in the thigh; it was with two balls; I extracted them.

Mr. Brent was proceeding to reëxamine the witness to some part about which there was some confusion, when some little sparring took place between him and Mr. J. M. Read. It was contended by the last named that the Government will not reëxamine a witness after a cross-examination. Mr. Read said that he entertained a high opinion of the gentleman on the other side, from the State of Maryland. He is to represent that State, and it was perfectly right to send him, to see that justice was done.

Mr. Brent denied the position he occupied, and what was the object of his attendance. He was not present because of any distrust in the ability of the gentleman who occupied the post of U. S. Attorney for this District, or of the gentlemen associated with him, but to see that justice was done to the memory of a citizen of Maryland, who was murdered in Pennsylvania.

The witness was allowed to explain, but nothing of importance was elicited.

Jacob Woods, coloured, sworn—I resided at Jacob Moore's, where I made my home, but I worked at Mr. Cooper's; I recollect the morning of the battle at Christiana; Mr. Lewis told me that Wm. Parker's house was all surrounded by kidnappers; it was before breakfast; after sun up; told me it was no time to take up potatoes, when Mr. Parker's house was all surrounded by kidnappers; I went over to Parker's; the first I saw was the Marshal and Mr. Hanway, standing together; I expect they were talking; did not hear what was said; I heard firing and saw the smoke; when I first saw the Marshal and Hanway together it was at the end of the short lane; I did not take notice of the bars; I went across the cornfield, and came out in the woods by the road; I went straight over to Jacob Moore's, where I got my washing done.

No cross-examination.

Dickinson Gorsuch, recalled—The coat worn by Edward Gorsuch was shown to the witness, and identified by him; also a hat worn by Dr. Pearce, and a vest worn by witness; all of which were shown to the jury.

Mr. G. L. Ashmead now stated that the evidence for the government had been all submitted.

Mr. John M. Read said he and his colleagues would be pleased if the Court would adjourn, and defer the opening on the part of the defence until to-morrow morning. He desired that Mr. Stevens, now in Washington, should be present.

Judge Grier—Will he open?

Mr. Cuyler—No, sir, I am to open; but we all are anxious that Mr. Stevens should be in attendance at the opening.

The Court consented to the adjournment, which then took place, to meet again this morning at 10 o'clock.

SEVENTH DAY.—TUESDAY, Dec. 2.

MR. CUYLER'S OPENING SPEECH.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—Judges Giier and Kane.—The case of Hanway was resumed this morning. The testimony for the United States closed yesterday afternoon. A much larger number of ladies were in attendance to-day than on any previous day, and plain bonnets were plentiful. The Court Room was again thronged with spectators, and the seats were all filled long before the opening of the Court.

The Hon. James Cooper and the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens were absent yesterday, but were present to-day.

Theodore C. Cuyler, Esq. opened the defence, by reviewing the several acts of Assembly of Pennsylvania, and presentnig the testimony which they would be enabled to submit to the Court and jury, and upon which, and the laws cited, they would confidently rely for an acquittal.

John Richardson, President of the Bank of North America, who was executed as a juror until to-day, presented himself, and asked to be excused altogether, or at least on discount days (Monday and Thursday).

Judge Grier excused him until Tuesday next.

J. M. Read asked the Court for a habeas corpus, to bring up the body of Elijah Lewis, as the defence wanted him in Court.

The Court ordered the writs to issue.

J. Cooper said—The prosecution had overlooked a small matter yesterday, and they would like a few minutes to call a witness to testify to the fact of Edward Gorsuch having a large quantity of money on his person at the time of his death.

Mr. Stevens objected to it.

Judge Grier said—The fact of a robbery could not affect the prisoner in a trial for treason.

Mr. Cuyler began his opening, by saying—That he congratulated the jury that they had at length arrived at landmarks which assured them that the end of the case could not be far distant. If the testimony for the United States shall have struck the mind of the jury as it has impressed him, they will have come to the conclusion that the prosecution have failed to make out their case entirely. It will have astonished them, that a charge so grave should have been based upon evidence so feeble, and that the deft. should have been taken from his family and friends and confined in a prison on a charge of treason.

Things without precedent have been introduced into the case. The State of Maryland, with her Attorney General, has entered it as a private prosecutor, and our own able District Attorney is set in the back ground. Out of the 92 jurors who answered to their names, the defendant had but 24 challenges, while the prosecution had made 36. The defence would have been willing to take any 12 men in the panel, and submit this particular case to them and feel certain of an acquittal. It was never held to be the law to do more than public justice in the prosecution of a cause, and not to press for a conviction where the evidence did not warrant it.

We have seen here the State of Maryland pressing on a private prosecution to bring about a conviction. We have seen witnesses recalled to make their testimony more perfect, where weakness was discovered and testimony has been introduced which had no business in the case, to sustain the lie uttered from the perjured lips of the witness Kline, where he says, that the deft. remained silent when he charged him with urging on the blacks, by ordering them to fire on the officers. You did not believe it true when you heard him assert it. It might be wrong in me to say that Maryland thirsts for the blood of the innocent prisoner; but her conduct in the case would seem to warrant it.

I must here take occasion to say a word in reference to my colleagues and myself. The District Attorney spoke of the duty we owed our Union, and asserted that the paricidal arm of him who raises it against it should be cut off. We fully endorse it—for we are as much Union men as the gentlemen on the other side. We believe that the love of the Union runs through the national thoughts and feelings of every man in the nation; but we denounce that squeamishness which condemns every manly opposition to the assaults upon private rights.

We are not here to speak of opposition to the laws, or to attempt to justify opposition. We are here to defend a gentleman from the charge of treason. Maryland appears here distrusting Pennsylvania in the administration of her laws, and her desire for justice. The District Attorney charged her with faithlessness to her laws, and asserted she had been reckless to her obligations. We assert that she has always been faithful to the obligations she owes her sister States.

He then went on to review the several acts of Assembly, and set forth the facts upon which they intended to rely for an acquittal.

The witnesses for the defence.

Thos. Pennington, affirmed—Mr. Stevens asked him to state any fact which he knew of the carrying away of any negroes at night by kidnapping from the neighbourhood of Christiana.

Objected to by Mr. Cooper.

Dist. Att. Ashmead stated that this question was collateral to the issue. It was an attempt to show that 9 months before some persons had committed an illegal act. It will not be pretended that the people who went to arrest Mr. Gorsuch's slaves went there illegally.

Judge Grier—it would have been all right to object if the deft. had been indicted for resisting the officers; but he is here on a charge of treason, which required a combination. The attempt was here to show that an association had taken place long before to resist the illegal acts of kidnappers.

The United States could prove the defts. connection with any association to resist the laws of the United States, and the other side may show that the combination took place to resist some other act against their rights. The blowing of horns will be argued by the U. S. to show preconcert of action. Now can't the defence show that the horns were blown for some other purposes?

Judge Kane said he differed a little from Judge Grier, but it probably amounted to the same thing. The legitimate question, he thought, might be, was there such a feeling pervading the community in that neighbourhood as to induce them to combine to resist the laws of the United States?

Mr. Stevens—The crime of treason consists in the act done and the reasons for doing it. An act might be done which had the ingredients of treason in it, but if the reasons for the commission of such acts were legal in themselves, it would not be treason. Some few matters had been given by the prosecution, such as blowing a horn at breakfast, &c., to sustain their case.

When we desire to show that the combination had taken place to repel confessed kidnappers, who lurked about that neighbourhood, and who made a business of stealing and dealing in human flesh, we certainly can do so. We want to show that a whole neighbourhood were ready to resist an attack such as had been before made upon them. We shall show in time that the acts of deft. while on the ground were honourable, humane and noble.

J. M. Read said, they proposed to begin within a year and show a distinct state of facts occurring in this valley which created a feeling of insecurity in the mind of every white man as well as black man, and that these men had a right to go there and see that the persons about to be arrested were alleged fugitives, had the legal process for so doing.

We desire to show, upon the question of intention, that the deft. went to the place, merely to see that the law was properly executed. The combination did not extend beyond Sadsbury township, where outrages had previously been committed upon the rights of its citizens a few months previously. The house of the son-in-law of the witness on the stand was invaded, and its inmates knocked down, and a coloured freeman abducted. On the deft. going over and finding the officers had legal process, he did not interfere.

Mr. Ashmead said—that his colleague, Mr. Cooper, would discuss the relevancy of the testimony offered to the Court, as the point he (the Dist. Att.) had taken had been overruled.

James Cooper—thought the authority cited by his colleague, did not settle the question of time. Lord Holt said that any act, the conspiracy of which began at anytime, the act could be given in evidence, where it was connected with the case on trial.

But here was an act committed 9 months ago, by third parties, and he could not see its relevancy here. In Prigg's decision, a master would be competent to carry off his slave, when found, and would not be liable for a breach of the peace.

Judge Grier—Not whether you had a right to state the general proposition. The United States has a right to argue a certain intention. They have shown one negro man followed down, and they might argue that he gave information, and that the whole neighbourhood had armed to resist the law.

I think it will be proper for this deft. to show that the whole neighbourhood had armed to resist what they suppose to be a danger from real kidnappers, who were known to live in that neighbourhood, and dealt in stealing human beings.

If a Sheriff should come to my house with a writ, and I should shoot him out of the window, it would be supposed that I had some other intention than killing the Sheriff. I consider this act as the greatest security for the coloured people.

Thos. Pennington.—It was in the month of January; near night; a number of men came into my house and told the boy that they wanted to buy chickens, and they heard he had some to sell; they came on the porch; one of them looked in the window; the black man was sitting behind the stove; they must have seen him; James Ray came there and told my son-in-law that his brother, John Ray, had fell dead just as he was going to step into the house; shortly after, some persons knocked at my door; I said come in; two persons came in abreast; they called him by a different name; they passed by me to the black man, who was sitting behind the stove; they put a pistol to his head and said they would kill him if he made any resistance; a struggle ensued; I said nothing; as I went to the door, a man came in singly, and muttered something, I don't know what; I think he had a slung shot around his wrist; he struck something with a club he had in his hand; Mrs. Chamberlain was overhead; she came down and wanted me to go up stairs with her; I did so until they went away; he was (the coloured man) carried off; there were 6 or 7 in the house and some outside when I went down stairs with a light; I saw great clots of blood on the floor; the next morning I tracked their route by the blood on the ground to a place in the woods where I thought a carriage had been standing, into which they might have put him; I knew one of the men; the one with the club and slung shot; his name was Perry Marsh.

Cross-examined—I knew the black man had lived with my son-in-law, Mr. Chamberlain, about 18 months; he went away once on account of the danger which surrounded the blacks in the place; I don't know whether he was a freeman or a slave; had heard it said that he had come from Maryland; I did not know whether he was a runaway; I don't know who the persons were who came after him; they said nothing to me; I did not speak to them; the negro went by the name of John at my son-in-law's house; they asked for him by another name; I had not heard before that he had any other name; that occured in January, 1851; I don't recollect the day of the month; I never heard him spoken of as a fugitive slave; he left my son-in-law's for three weeks; the reason I understood was because he and others became alarmed, because they heard that a negro had been kidnapped in the neighbourhood; I don't know how true the report was.

Question by Mr. Brent—I was not present when he first came to my son-in-law's; I did not hear the bargain between them; several coloured persons went away with "John"—the name was not general—I can't say much in regard to the violence of the struggle, because the white men were between me and him; he struggled when they tried to hold him and tie him; when they went away they broke a chair in pieces; when the two men came there, they told my boy that they wanted to buy my son-in-law's chickens; the other men did not wait for me to answer them, but walked straight in.

Henry Rhey, sworn—About 8 o'clock on Monday evening, in January, I overtook a company at the end of Chamberlain's lane; they said to me, "say nothing;" one of them had a pistol in his hand; I said I will say what I please, you are after no good business; one of them said, they were going over to Marsh Chamberlain's to take a black man; the man who had a weapon in his hand, and who told me to say nothing, was Perry Marsh; I knew another one named William Bear; he lived about three miles from the Gap tavern in Lancaster county, in Paradise, adjoining Strasburg.

Cross-examined by Mr. Brent—This was about two miles from Parker's; I am not certain whether it was a pistol which he had in his hand; for it was dark; I never knew the coloured man whom they were going after; there were five or six of them together in the road; all I knew resided in Pennsylvania; I could not tell where the others come from? I have resided in that neighbourhood ever since I have known anything at all; I know nothing about the battle.

Question—Do you know of any meeting having been held in the neighbourhood, in relation to the fugitive slave law?

Mr. Stevens objected to the question on the ground that it was a matter of examination in chief.

Judge Grier sustained the objection. The question was therefore overruled.

Rachel A. Chamberlain, affirmed—I am the wife of Marsh Chamberlain.

Question by Mr. Stevens—Please to give me an account of the taking away of the coloured man from your house in January last.

Answer—I reside in Lancaster county, Strasburg township; a set of men entered our house, seized the coloured man, knocked him down, and beat and bruised him in a most shameful manner; I was up stairs at the time; I saw this through a stove pipe hole.

Cross-examined by Mr. Cooper—There was a light in the room; I did not see any blows struck; I am sure of that; I saw a pistol; I don't know in whose hands it was.

Miller Pennington, sworn (a white boy)—In January last six or eight men came to my sister's house after the coloured man; two men came to the door and knocked; I saw two outside on the north side of the house; the others came in on south side. This witness only corroborated the evidence of Rachel A. Chamberlain.

Elijah Lewis, called—The counsel asked that the examination of this witness be delayed until the return of Mr. J. W. Ashmead, who was absent.

Mr. Brent said, in the absence of Mr. Ashmead he could state that the witness was one of the defendants, now in custody, and that he had been informed, in addition, that there was another bill against the witness and Castner Hanway, charging them jointly with treason.

Mr. Brent continued—(Mr. J. W. Ashmead not appearing). He objected to the witness on the ground that the witness is interested in the case as a party charged. I hold in my hand an indictment where Castner Hanway, Elijah Lewis and Joseph Scarlett, are charged with levying war against the United States. The point I submit is this—that if the defendant should be acquitted by the evidence of Lewis, it will also acquit Lewis of both the charges against him for treason. I submit, therefore, to your honours, that Elijah Lewis is a party to the record. This gentleman cited several authorities to support the position assumed. I hold that he is an incompetent witness on the ground stated. I hold, also, that if, as in a case of conspiracy, A B and C are charged jointly, B and C cannot testify in behalf of A.

Judge Grier—Suppose, Mr. Brent, if 100 men are charged jointly with treason, could not the jury say that such are guilty, and such are not guilty?

Again—If one of the parties charged should be acquitted, can he not be produced as a witness in behalf of others charged with the same offence? I make the interrogatories merely to test your arguments against the admission of Lewis' evidence.

Mr. Read was about to speak, when Judge Grier said, if you can find a precedent for the rejection of this witness, I am not aware of it; was ever such a thing heard of in the history of trials?

Mr. Cooper said that perhaps he could throw some light on the subject by reading a paragraph from McNalley on Evidence (He accordingly read to the Court).

Mr. Brent said that he had one other authority to read. It was a decision of Lord Ellenborough's.

Mr. Read said that the authority cited was held not to be law.

Mr. J. W. Ashmead cited a case of conspiracy in Ashmead's Reports, with the decision of Judge King.

Judge Grier said that he thought the gentleman had not brought any evidence to support their position. The evidence goes to the credibility of the witness.

Elijah Lewis affirmed—On the morning of the 17th of September, about sunrise or a little before, when Isaiah Clarkson told me that kidnappers were at Parker's, and that I had better go down to see that justice was done, I went down to Hanway's house; he got his horse, and went along with me; I being on foot, I went across the fields; he took the road, and in coming into the lane, he came from the south, and I towards the north; he was there a little before me; I saw Kline coming out of the short lane; he went up to Hanway and said, "I am the Marshal of the United States;" I said to Hanway, where is his authority? He pulled out a paper, which I could not read, because I had not my spectacles; I saw the name of Edward D. Ingraham at the bottom of it; I then thought he had authority; he wanted us to assist him; Hanway said; I will have nothing to do with it."

Then there came a number of negroes with guns pointed; Hanway said, "don't shoot, for God's sake, don't shoot;" Kline said, that he would hold us responsible for the slaves, and said that he would go away; he called his men; Hanway went towards the north, and I went towards the woods; I cast my eye back, and saw Kline following Hanway; whether there was another person with him or not, I am not sure; as I got up by the corn fields, there was a shouting by the negroes; by this time Kline was up by the woods; he called to me to stop, and said that a man had been shot; he passed on, and I lost sight of him; from my position, I could hear the shouting and the firing.

Question by Stevens—Hanway did not cross to speak to the negroes, except what I told you he said; Hanway did not tell Kline that he did not care for the Act of Congress or any other law; I did not say so; at the time of the firing Kline did not get into the corn field; he did not go back to the mouth of the short lane from the woods, at the time he was following me; I was on the fence alongside of the road; Hanway had no weapons of any kind when we started from his house; he had an old coat and an old hat on; Hanway and myself were not arrested; we gave ourselves up; we went to Christiana to do so.

Cross-examined by Mr. Cooper—I did not know there was a warrant out; I was told that a warrant was preparing; I was told so at my house by George Whitson; there was no firing on the ground when I went; our object in going there was to ascertain whether they had any authority there; we had no other business; some of the coloured people had arms in their hands; I was about 500 or 600 yards from the house when I heard them shouting; we did not retire the way we came; Mr. Hanway and myself took different directions; I did not go back and assist, when Kline asked me, because I was greatly alarmed.

Question by George L. Ashmead—I know a coloured man by the name of Harvey Scott; I did not see him on the ground; I did not see Henry Sims there; I went home and got my breakfast, and returned; then I saw Sims there; I saw Henry Howard there; also James Dawsey and Ezekiel Thompson; he came down the lane after I passed Hanway; he had nothing in his hand; these persons I saw there before I went to get my breakfast; Hanway reached the bars about a minute before me; no conversation took place between Kline and Hanway, more than I have stated; Hanway handed the papers to me, and I passed them to Kline again; Hanway looked at the papers: at the time Kline said to me that a man was shot; he was 100 or 150 yards from the mouth of the long lane; I could not see distinctly from that place to the mouth of the short lane.

Question by J. W. Ashmead—Have you told us all that you saw?

Answer—As well as I can recollect.

Question by Mr. Brent—Did you hear the day before that these persons were coming up there?

Answer—I did not, I saw Scarlett going towards the barn; I met him as I was coming back; Josiah Clarkson went towards Dogstown; it was about sunrise when he came to my house; I don't know why he came to me to see justice done; I had not promised him before that I would see justice done; I did not see Hanway ride to the bars. I did not see Isaiah Clarkson on the ground; don't know why I did not tell the blacks that these persons had authority; I thought the white men were leaving; I saw a man resembling Mr. Gorsuch down near the house; I was not at Christiana when the inquest was held; the body was lying in the short lane; told the coroner's jury what I had seen, but I was not sworn before that jury. I don't know why Hanway went up the lane to the north; it was contrary to his way home; I did not see Dickinson Gorsuch; Kline did not return after he was in the woods; I did not see him return with a wounded man; when I saw Scarlett I did not ask him any question; I don't know where Scarlett was going; I was just opening the store door when Clarkson called. I have no recollection of selling powder and shot the day before; I don't know when I last sold powder and shot; I sold to anybody who wanted it, white or black; I supposed that the man who was lying dead was killed by those coloured persons I saw there; I did not mention the matter to the Alderman; I did not tell him the names of these men whom I knew to be in it; I don't know the reason why I did not.

Henry Burke (a white boy) affirmed—I lived at Castner Hanway's at the time of the murder; on the morning of the affray Elijah Lewis came along the road; he asked me if Castner was in; I told him he was; he then told me to go and tell him that the kidnappers were down at Parker's house; Castner came, and he and Lewis moved down the road; Castner sat down and ate his breakfast, then got his horse and went down to Parker's; I saw Kline pass Hanway's mill; he had a conversation there with Squire Powell, Thompson, Longhead and myself; he asked the way to Penningtonville; he said that two men were lying up by the woods wounded, and that he wanted to get a conveyance to take him to the railroad; Thompson asked him why he staid there so long as to have the man wounded; he said that he wanted his men to come away; that the blacks were too strong, and they could do nothing with them, but that his men would not mind him.

Cross-examination by Mr. Cooper—This was about 8 o'clock in the morning.

Jacob Whitson, affirmed—On the first day of the week following the riot, Kline and others came to my father's house, asked if Parker was there; I said not; he said that he had heard so; I said that he had heard more than I know; Kline said that $10,000 reward had been offered for Parker, $5,000 by Governor Johnston, and $5,000 by the Governor of Maryland, and they were bound to have him.

Judge Grier asked to what point these questions were directed.

Mr. Stevens said that it was to contradict the witness Kline.

Witness—He said Parker was the man that shot Mr. Gorsuch; he said that may be they would not have him for three or four days, but that they would get him if he went to Canada; my sister asked him if he would know Parker if he should see him; "know him," he said, "to out of the window over at the house."

The Court here adjourned.

SCOBLE AND THOMPSON.—It is, perhaps, not generally known, that one John Scoble, an English Abolitionist, is now travelling through this country, addressing political meetings, and through the press, as well as from the stump, advising the American people that the labours of Mr. Scoble have received no attention from those presses and patriots, who were so loud in denouncing George Thompson as a 'British emissary, spy, and vagrant.' The fact that Scoble has not a tithe of the talent, intelligence, or soul of George Thompson, is not a sufficient solution of the different reception of the two men. Is it because Mr. Scoble has, while professing to be a fierce Anti-Slavery man, steadily defamed and maligned the best abolitionists of America? Can it be, that the cotton politicians have introduced him to do the same work here? We commend the facts to the attention of our readers, and confess, that for cant indication of the rapidly approaching day, when shall fully, freely and heartily 'fraternise.'—*Madison County Journal.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1851.

KOSSUTH.

THE headache which usually follows the wild extravagancies of a debauch, and the sober reflection which comes with the headache, are, we fancy, resting heavily over the brows, this week, of our New York sovereigns. Kossuth, the illustrious Hungarian, as everybody knows, arrived in the steamer Humbolt, on Friday morning; and after undergoing a public reception at the Staten Island Quarantine on that day, was put through a second course of the same treatment in this city, on Saturday. If the people are not very glad it is over and done with, we may venture to assert, without any fear of contradiction, that Kossuth himself certainly is. In all his speeches, on these two days, he declared himself weary and ill with his voyage and with sea-sickness; we have no doubt that he was still more oppressed with the far worse weariness, to a man so terribly in earnest as he is, of breathing in an atmosphere of unmitigated humbug, and of childish excitement. The people, however, had their fun out, and many of them are thinking, by this time, what a very absurd piece of sport it was, if it is to be taken, in any degree, as an earnest of their response to what the great Magyar has avowed to be the object of his visit. "I came not," he said, on Saturday, "to be the object of popular shows; but I came an humble petitioner in my country's name, as its freely chosen Constitutional Chief." Unfortunately, this was not said, or rather not heard, till the show was over; though if it had been it is by no means certain that it would have been listened to by a populace determined to have a holiday, and military and civil officials bent upon giving an airing to their militia uniforms and civic consequence. But the centre of the great pageant, if we have not greatly mistaken the spirit of his Address, was glad to escape from the show by the back door of the City Hall, to the lodgings prepared for him at the Irving House. Whether he will there be permitted to enjoy those "days of calm reflection" for which he asked; whether he will receive the "kind advice of some active friends on the most practical course he has to adopt," and "see those preparatory steps taken in favour of his cause," which he hoped would be granted him; and whether he will receive the assurance of the aid of men-of-war, and of men at arms, of the "precious gift" of thousands of muskets, and the loan of millions of dollars, are points as yet by no means clear. That he is good for a "show," is settled to the satisfaction of the whole country, though other portions of it may hope to prove it farther; but whether the country is good for the cause of Hungary, is a question which he is, doubtless, revolving earnestly in his mind at this moment.

That which, perhaps, has most struck the attentive observers of the course of this distinguished man, since his arrival in England, is his perfect appreciation of the character of her people, and his complete understanding of her institutions. He will lose nothing of his reputation for this remarkable insight by coming among us. The first address made to him, within an hour of his landing on Staten Island, was by one Major Hagadorn, who, in accordance with the "regulations of the service" in the Tompkinsville Blues or some other equally renowned corps of the Island militia, welcomed the illustrious Magyar to the "land of the free and home of the brave," and took that occasion to assure him that the citizen soldiery of the United States were entirely at his service. It is quite impossible that Kossuth could have known that this redoubtable Major was ordinarily employed in the peaceful and respectable occupation of delivering parcels, at sixpence each, from an Express wagon, but he seemed at once to enter into the spirit of the reception that awaited him, and assured the representative of military America, in courteous terms, in which there seemed to lurk a just perceptible tone of irony, that in that promise he recognised the fulfilment of the purpose of his visit to this country. His second welcome was from Dr. Doane, of the Quarantine Hospital, who, a little behind his predecessor, the Major, only ventured to assure his guest that twenty millions of people would rise up to welcome him to these shores—a careful statement, on the part of the worthy Doctor who remembered that there were about three millions more of American people, whose 'rising' for any purpose, and especially one relating to Liberty, the other twenty millions are bound, by Constitutional obligations, to suppress. But in reply to this address and that officially presented by a chosen orator—all which may be read by those who wish to read them in the daily papers—Kossuth at once and unequivocally avowed his errand to this country, and the relation which he intended to maintain to the parties which divided it. It is not probable that he had come among us without any knowledge of the American character, and the knowledge he had was completed by this first reception. The grandiloquent asseverations of our love of Liberty he took for what they are worth; that we are a slaveholding people, he is very careful to remember; but as he does not choose, for the gratification of our vanity and love of pomp and boastful talk, to submit, in his affairs, to that discrepancy between principle and practice which obtains in our own, so he chooses to say so very clearly and promptly. Accordingly, in his speech, the next morning, at Castle Garden, having assured himself of the ground he stood upon, he spoke as one who had read carefully as from an open book the evident character of the people who crowded about him; Whigs, Loco-focos, Old Hunkers of both parties, Union Committee men, and Barnburners, disagreeing for aught that he knew, or cared, in much, but careful to assure him that on these points they were in unity—a love of fustian talk, an eagerness to make of him and themselves a raree show, and an undisguised fear that he should apply to our people and to our Government those principles of the rights of man, and the destiny of humanity, which he is wont to set forth in such glowing eloquence in behalf of his own Hungary. Therefore, with a manly frankness which is a new title to the reverence which the world yields him as the foremost man of the age, he sets forth in the most explicit language what he asks, what he does not ask, and what he grants. He does not care to remember that there are three millions of slaves and coloured serfs among us, but, at the same time, he asks from the twenty millions of masters something much more substantial for Hungary than public salutes and public dinners to himself. He closed this speech, after stating that what he sought was the active assistance of this Government and people in behalf of Hungary, by saying:

If you consider these claims not sufficient to your active and operative sympathy, then let me know at once that the hopes have failed with which Europe's oppressed nations have looked to your great, mighty, and glorious Republic—let me know at once the failure of our hopes, that I may hasten back and tell Europe's oppressed nations, "Let us fight, forsaken and single-handed, the battle of Leonidas; let us trust to God, to our right, and to our good sword; there is no other help for the oppressed nations on earth." But if your generous Republican hearts are animated by the high principle of freedom and of the solidarity in the destinies of humanity—if you have the will, as, to be sure, you have the power, to support the cause of freedom against the sacrilegious league of despotism, then give me some days of calm reflection, to become acquainted with the ground upon which I stand—let me take the kind advice of some active friends on the most practical course I have to adopt—let me see if there be any preparatory steps taken in favour of that cause which I have the honour to represent; and then let me have a new opportunity to expound before you my humble requests in a practical way. I confidently hope, Mr. Mayor, the Corporation and citizens of the Empire City will grant me the second opportunity. If this be your generous will, then let me take this for a boon of happier days; and let me add with a sigh of thanksgiving to the Almighty God, that it is your glorious country which Providence has selected to be the pillar of freedom, as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity.

I am told that I will have the high honour to review your patriotic militia. Oh, God! how my heart throbs at the idea to see this gallant army enlisted on the side of freedom against despotism; the world would be free, and you the saviours of humanity. And why not? These gallant men take part in the mighty demonstration of the day, proving that I was right when I said that now-a-days even the bayonets think. Citizens of New-York, it is under your protection that I place the sacred cause of freedom and independence of Hungary.

This speech at Castle Garden, we should have stated, was not, indeed, delivered, but appeared in the morning papers of Monday. The lieges, whether urged on by some members of the Union Safety Committee, who may hold that place sacred to the machinations of slave-catchers, or by some other emissaries of despotism, or whether they considered that there would be a deal more fun to get out of doors among the 'trainers,' at any rate, for some reason, good or bad, would not hear the speech, but so drowned the voice of the orator in confusion worse confounded that he was compelled to desist from the attempt to speak, and mount his horse for the parade outside. We have no room for the speech in our columns, but it is, as we have already hinted, a direct appeal for armed assistance on behalf of Hungary, in the recognition of her independence and his reception at Washington as her representative; a rejection of that sympathy which is only expressed in words and empty personal admiration; and an avowal that, in seeking liberty for his own people, he has nothing to say of the cause of liberty among ours. On this last point we quote his words:

First, that I take it to be the duty of honour and principle not to meddle with whatever party question of your own domestic affairs. I claim for my country the right to dispose of itself; so I am resolved, and must be resolved, to respect the same principle here and everywhere. May others delight in the part of knights-errant for theories. It is not my case. I am the man of the great principle of the sovereignty of every people to dispose of its own domestic concerns; and I most solemly deny to every foreigner, as to every foreign power, the right to oppose the sovereign faculty.

Secondly, I profess, highly and openly, my admiration for the glorious principle of union, on which stands the mighty pyramid of your greatness, and upon the basis of which you have grown, in the short period of seventy-five years, to a prodigious giant, the living wonder of the world. I have the most warm wish that the star-spangled banner of the United States may forever be floating, united and one, the proud ensign of mankind's divine origin; and taking my ground on this principle of union, which I find lawfully existing, an established constitutional fact, it is not to a party, but to the united people of the United States, that I confidently will address my humble requests for aid and protection to oppressed humanity. I will conscientiously respect your laws, but within the limits of your laws I will use every honest exertion to gain your operative sympathy, and your financial, material, and political aid for my country's freedom and independence, and entreat the realization of those hopes which your generosity has raised in me and my people's breasts, and also in the breasts of Europe's oppressed nations.

Now, does the wise Hungarian speak such words as these without understanding the construction which will be put upon them by the American people? It is not impossible, and we may, in all charity, hope that he is not aware of their full force and meaning. We will not doubt, without strong evidence, that he detests Slavery; that he would, did he know its depth of vileness, utterly loathe and abhor the Slavery of this Republic, and that he would hesitate, even for Hungary's sake, to uphold and defend it. For our part, we would have been willing to take this for granted, and asking never that one word of rebuke of *our* despotism should fall from his lips, would have bid him God speed in his mission against the despotism of his own country. But in this voluntary declaration of the relation in which he stands to our "domestic affairs," our "parties," our "Union," and our "laws," if he does not mean to anticipate and repel the accusation of loving Liberty for all God's children, even those who are black, he means, at least, to avow that he has no words of rebuke for us, that we hold as a chattel every sixth man among us; and the cunning men who taught him in what terms he should clothe this declaration meant that it should, and knew that it would, be accepted as the great man's condemnation of any attempt to emancipate the negro race. This, doubtless, he has been led to believe must be the price of American sympathy and aid for Hungary.

Has he made a mistake? That question time alone can answer.

To the cause of his country, we know, he has devoted himself, body and soul; for her salvation there is no sacrifice that he will not make, though it be to doom this to perdition and that to the flames of martyrdom. He, too, is a man of One Idea; that fills his whole being; commands all the powers of his gigantic mind, and subdues to its purposes all the aspirations of his noble spirit. And now, reading his declaration with the popular understanding which will be attached to it, the lowest and meanest thing he can do he has done; the most ignoble sacrifice he can be called upon to make he has made; the basest act, as a public man, he can commit, next to selling Hungary to Francis Joseph of Austria, or to the Czar of Russia, he has committed. For he has sold himself. He has stooped to kiss the feet of American women-whippers, compared to whom Haynau is an angel of mercy; he has saluted on the cheek with a hail, brother! American slave-drivers, and slave-catchers, compared with whom the Russian slaveholder is a man of mercy, of justice, and of peace; he has avowed his reverence for a Union which is based upon a compact which even Russia and Austria would not dare to make; and in declaring his conscientious respect for our laws, without exception, he includes not only single laws, but a Code and a system sustained by it, more full of the spirit of tyranny, more calculated to perpetuate despotism, more regardless of the rights of man, more filled with the spirit of evil, than any other laws that the world has ever seen, whether in the present age or in the past, whether in barbarous or civilized countries, or whether among heathen or Christian people. For his own purposes, he has struck hands with men who, on the smallest provocation, tie up women by their thumbs and lash them till their feet are dabbling in a puddle of their own warm blood; with men who sell by the pound children snatched from their mothers' breasts; and with men who would far sooner join their voices in cheering on a slave-hunt, to return a fellow creature to such a bondage as this, than they would even to swell the cheers that welcomed him.

And all this he has done for Hungary. Will it avail him? Or has he abased himself for nothing before our Josephs, and Alexanders, and Haynaus? Truly, we hope that this great man, much as we deplore the, not unexpected, relation which he means to sustain to the American people, may not have been made altogether the dupe of knaves.

THE PENNSYLVANIA TREASON TRIALS.—In our limited space we are unable to keep pace with the voluminous report of the Treason Trial in Philadelphia, which still drags its slow length along; but we give all that we can find room for this week. We hope in the next issue to make more progress.

BRITISH AGGRESSION.—We meet occasionally wit an old Democrat, or an old Federalist, who was a rabid politician forty years ago, but is quite innocent of any knowledge of, or interest in, the events which have transpired since that time. They talk as if they were still living in the years from 1810 to 14, and are as enthusiastic in their admiration of the statesmanship of Jefferson, or the treachery of John Quincy Adams, as they were when the one was called into the Cabinet or the other to the Presidency.

We do not suppose, for a moment, that the respectable old gentlemen of this school are the occupants of all the editorial chairs of the country, but it seems some times as if they either were so, or that their spirits entered into those who are. Once or twice a year an attempt is made to frighten the country out of its wits by some terrible story of British aggression, and to arouse frightful visions of a new Embargo and a new War with England. The tale usually has its run of a week, when the editorial ghost of an old Democrat retires to the shades below, and the upper world returns to its propriety.

The latest attempt of this sort has transpired within a week. The Steamer Prometheus, running between San Juan and this port, attempted, according to the acknowledgment of her Captain, to leave San Juan without paying her port charges, and was brought to and compelled to do so by an English man-of-war. Why the Englishman should have interfered, we do not as yet know, as we have only heard, so far, the story of the Captain and passengers on board the Prometheus. But the old 'fogy' aforesaid, who makes periodical visits from Hades, has got all the editors of the country by the button and persuaded them that here is a new and flagrant instance of British Aggression, and that the insult to our flag can only be wiped out by blood. But for the arrival of Kossuth, there is no telling what the ghost might have done with us; as it is, the indications, for a day or two past, are that he has returned to his usual snug quarters to wait for a better opportunity to bring about a Declaration of War.

The end of the whole matter will probably be that if any inquiry is made of the British Minister at Washington, an explanation will be made satisfactory to the Government, and American Steamers plying to San Juan will hereafter be more careful to pay their bills before leaving.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WE presume that none of our readers would thank us for filling more than one half of this No. of the *Standard* with a Presidential Message, which is already more than a week old. All among them who care to read it, have, ere this, we presume, procured a copy from some other source. We content ourselves, therefore, with copying that portion which records the President's deep regret that the National Slave-Hunt has not been altogether successful, and his rather singular conclusion that the Compromise Measures have, nevertheless, arrested the agitation of the Slave question:

It is deeply to be regretted that in several instances officers of the Government, in attempting to execute the law for the return of fugitives from labour, have been openly resisted, and their efforts frustrated and defeated by lawless and violent mobs; that in one case such resistance resulted in the death of an estimable citizen, and in others serious injury ensued to those officers and to individuals who were using their endeavours to sustain the laws. Prosecutions have been instituted against the alleged offenders, so far as they could be identified, and are still pending. I have regarded it as my duty, in these cases, to give all aid legally in my power to the enforcement of the laws, and I shall continue to do so wherever and whenever their execution may be resisted.

The act of Congress for the return of fugitives from labour is one required and demanded by the express words of the Constitution.

The Constitution declares, "That no person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." This constitutional provision

THOMAS L. KANE.—We learn from the *Pennsylvania Freeman* that Thomas L. Kane, Esq., a member of the Philadelphia Bar, and who, our readers will remember, resigned his office as U. S. Commissioner, on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, generously sent in to the City Prison of Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day, a Thanksgiving Dinner, prepared after the most Orthodox recipes, for the Christiana prisoners. Repelling the imputation which may be brought against us, of punning on a serious subject, we are bound to say, that we have quite as much admiration for Mr. Kane's Turkey as for that of the Sultan, Abdel Medjid, and we are not sure that the former has not done quite as much for the cause of freedom as the latter.

It may prove Judge Kane's good fortune that T. L. Kane is his son. History may confound them, and the evil deeds of the father be ascribed to the envious reports of some malicious contemporary who, jealous of the virtues of a Kane, attempted to hide them under the alleged acts of some unjust Judge.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE has had the good sense to reject a bill which proposed to deny to citizens of those States where the Fugitive Slave Law has been resisted, the use of South Carolina Courts for the collection of debts. If such is to be the character of the legislation of that State, in future, our Northern panic-makers will be reduced to extremity.

☞THE LETTER of our Boston Correspondent should have appeared last week, but, owing to some irregularity in the mail, it did not reach us till a day too late for that *Standard*. In these fast times, few people would be able to tell in what year of our Lord the Webster meeting, the doings whereof are related by our lively correspondent, was held; we publish it, nevertheless as too good to be lost, and to refresh the memories of the oldest inhabitants.

HON. O. FOWLER, M. C., has our thanks, for a copy of the President's Message, in pamphlet form.

Congressional.

THE proceedings of Congress are of as little consequence, during the past week, as they well can be. The debate on the reception of Kossuth in the Senate, however, is altogether too good to be passed over, and that we copy below. Mr. Hangman Foote afterward withdrew his Resolution, so that the Hungarian has, as yet, had no other welcome from the Government except such as he has received from Government Cannon. The whole affair is made wholly complete and American by the following Resolution which has also been offered by Foote.

Be it Resolved, That the series of measures embraced in the act entitled "An Act proposing to the State of Texas the establishment of her northern and western boundaries, the relinquishment by the said State of all territory claimed by her exterior to the said boundaries, and of all her claims upon the United States, and to establish a Territorial Government for New Mexico," approved Sept. 9, 1850; "An Act for the admission of the State of California into the Union," approved Sept. 9, 1850; "An Act to establish a Territorial Government for Utah," approved Sept. 9, 1850; "An Act to amend, and supplementary to the act entitled "An Act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters," approved Feb. 12, 1793—approved Sept 18, 1850; and "An Act to suppress the slave trade in the District of Columbia," approved Sept. 20, 1850; commonly known as the Compromise Acts, are, in the judgment of this body, entitled to be recognised as a definite adjustment and settlement of the distracting questions growing out of the system of Domestic Slavery, and, as such, that said measures should be acquiesced in and respected by all good citizens.

The debate on Kossuth was as follows:

MR. FOOTE, of Mississippi, moved to fill the blanks of the Kossuth resolution, so as to make the Committee consist of three Senators and five Representatives. He hoped the resolution would receive an unanimous vote. He trusted also, there would be no delay in passing it in the Senate, so that the other House might have an opportunity of acting on it in season. Governor Kossuth was expected in New York to day—hence the urgency for passing the resolution.

MR. CLEMENS, of Alabama, asked that the joint resolution directing a national vessel to be placed at the service of Kossuth, might be read—and it was read.

MR. DAWSON, of Georgia, said it would be as well, perhaps, to meet this resolution on this amendment, as at any other time. He, as a Senator from Georgia, was not prepared to vote for it. There was no precedent for conferring these high honours on a foreigner. Excepting in the case of La Fayette, no such honours had ever been conferred—not even on an American citizen. He saw nothing in the conduct or character of Kossuth that made it proper for our Government, as a Government, to show him these extraordinary marks of respect. Kossuth had not, like La Fayette, been identified with the history of this Government. He took no part in its formation and establishment. Undoubtedly he was a great man, and every one sympathized with him, none more than he (Mr. Dawson) did. The people would show their respect and sympathy for him; but he did not consider the Government called upon to get up this pageant for his reception. Had not the Government, as a Government, already done enough to show its respect, by sending a national vessel to bring him and his companions to our shores? He had nothing against Kossuth personally; but he objected to the manner in which it was proposed to receive him by sending a Committee of Congress to meet him on his arrival, and give him assurances, &c., of the respect felt for him.

MR. HALE, of New Hampshire, hoped all objections to the resolution would be withdrawn, until its friends had amended it. He had an amendment to offer at the proper time. (Cries of read it—read it). The amendment was read, and proposed adding to the original resolution an assurance to Kossuth that Congress sympathizes with the victims of oppression everywhere, and earnestly desired that the time might come when the rights of man would be universally recognised and respected. Mr. Hale thought this amendment would make the resolution more acceptable to the Senator from Georgia, for then it would not be so particular in its terms—but general; applying to all who are oppressed.

MR. FOOTE of Mississippi, was somewhat surprised at the opposition of the Senator from Georgia. This resolution simply extended to Kossuth the sympathy and esteem of this Government. In offering it he felt that he acted in accordance, not only with the public sentiment in this country, but with the sentiment entertained by the lovers of liberty throughout the civilized world. Everywhere the strongest feelings of respect and gratitude were entertained and expressed toward Kossuth. He was a man, distinguished not only as a soldier, but as a statesman, as an orator, and as a patriot.

MR. DAWSON, of Georgia, inquired on what battle field Kossuth had ever distinguished himself.

MR. FOOTE said he understood there was a work now in press, and shortly to be published, at a low price, containing the biography of Kossuth, and to that book, for all particulars, he would refer the Senator. He would be glad to enlighten the Senator, for, with that Senator, to him it would be a delightful task to rear the tender mind, and teach the young idea how to shoot over lessons concerning the champion of civil liberty. But, for the present, he would refer him to the book. Mr. Foote then portrayed the private and public character of Kossuth. Mild and amiable in private life, he was stern and unbending in his public career, in opposition to the tyranny of Austria, and the unprincipled Government of Russia. A firm and unchanging republican in principle, he lately, in three speeches in England, denounced Socialism.

The action of this Government, in sending a vessel for Kossuth, had met the hearty approval of the American people. No one had denounced the Senate for that act. We have invited him—he is about arriving here, the guest of the Nation—shall we not receive him as becomes us and him? The President in his Message, invites the attention of Congress to this subject, and recommends that measures be adopted for his reception. He had not obtruded this measure on the Senate. Mr. Webster, a few days ago, called his especial attention to the subject, and communicated to him in confidence what the recommendation of the President would be, and desired that he, the mover of the original resolution, would introduce one substantially the same as the one now before the Senate. He did this at the instance of the Administration, ond was sorry it met with the opposition of those who were the peculiar friends of that Administration. Already there were some persons who thought that if Kossuth came here, he, by his free, bold speeches, would be apt to liberalize the sentiments and feelings of the people of this country, and make them stronger friends of free principles. Already had bigotry attempted to prejudice the public sentiment against him. Bold and dastardly attempts had been made by some persons, whom he hoped to see yet exposed to public scorn, to influence popular feeling against him by false statements with regard to his bearing on board the Mississippi.

MR. F. spoke of the strong efforts constantly made, and now making, in Europe, by the combined powers of despotism, to counteract and destroy the liberties of the people. In England the struggle of liberty and Slavery—(Mr. HALE—Exactly). Mr. Foote—I shall speak of the Senator from New Hampshire, "exactly," directly. In speaking in the Senate I use language such as statesmen can understand, and I am not surprised that other persons—demagogues of an hour, whose views are confined within the narrow limits of a miserable faction—do not comprehend that language. With such persons—who live by faction, and by appeals to the worst passions of the heart—who have been laid low, and crushed forever, by certain recent legislation—the language of statesmen was ever perverted for their own illicit and infamous purposes. Kossuth had recommended himself to him particularly, and he doubted not to others, by his remarkable delicacy. A Republican, yet, while in the land of a Monarchical Government, he has been discreet and cautious in his speeches; and coming here, we have this guarrantee, that he will not allow himself to be identified with any purpose or any persons who may be zealous to use him and his great name to stir up faction, and cause agitation and disturbance in the land. Doubtless he would be far more popular with certain persons, if he came here to aid them by his influence and popularity in the promotion of their sinister ends and designs on the peace of the country.

MR. HALE defended his amendment. He denied the right of any one to inquire into the motives of his amendment. His language was clear and evident, and bore its own meaning. His amendment contained an assurance to Kossuth, which was not inconsistent with, nor repugnant to, the sentiments of the people of the United States. It assured him, that we sympathize with the victims of oppression everywhere. The man who finds fault with that expression of sentiment must have but a poor idea of humanity. It also says that we desire to see the day when the rights of man will be universally respected. Who can find fault with that? The amendment itself is right, and proper, but the motive in presenting it was questionable. He denied the right of the Senator to question his motive, or to go beyond the face of the paper. He expressed the highest regard for Kossuth, and he wanted him to come here in person, and be a living rebuke to tyranny and oppression. He wanted him to come here, and go abroad among the people, and let those who are guilty of oppression at home, look upon his lineaments. Words of sympathy uttered by Washington had penetrated the Austrian dungeons, and he wanted our language to reach the oppressed, wherever they might be. He wanted it to reach O'Brien, Mitchell, and all other victims of tyranny. These were his motives in offering the amendment. He had none other.

MR. FOOTE—There are some gentlemen whose principles and public course are well known. There are some public speakers who discuss certain topics always in a certain way, so that all who hear or read their speeches fail not to understand them in a peculiar manner. There was no man who could have any difficulty in coming to what the Senator meant by his amendment. Victims of oppression?—he had heard the Senator use those words one thousand times, and they had always been used by him in expressing his great sympathy for a certain class of coloured population. The Senator could not deny that this was his true meaning in the amendment. He was sorry the Senator had—the effrontery, he would not say, out of regard for the rules, but he was sorry to hear him say he had other motives in offering the amendment. In proposing the resolution, so imperatively required by the public sentiment, he had thought a simple expression of esteem for the patriot was all that was necessary. But the Senator comes with his amendment, and desires to add to it a declaration that the Senate and House express their deep sympathy for a certain class of coloured persons in the Southern States. Can the Senator deny this to have been his motive and purpose? Can he deny that he intended to express by these words sympathy for the coloured people in the Southern States? Can he deny it without great confusion of countenance?

MR. FOOTE continued in this strain, and to the same effect, for some time.

MR. CASS, of Michigan, would have been glad if the Resolutions had met with no opposition. It will lose, both at home and abroad, half its merit, if not passed unanimously. There was going on now an upheaving of the old governments of Europe. Nation after nation was rising to throw off the yoke of the tyrant, and nation after nation was put down by the union of despotic powers. Every lover of liberty, particularly in this country, must sympathize with these people. Kossuth needed no eulogy from him, he had gone through the fiery ordeal of a Revolution, and had come out unscathed; he had been unfortunate, but his love of liberty had not been diminished. We have invited him here, and shall we not now extend to him that regard and sympathy which we feel? Governor Kossuth comes here not as the representative of his own country alone, but as the representative of human liberty everywhere. The case of Hungary was no ordinary one. Hungary had risen against her own oppressor and had conquered Austria, and would have maintained the victory had not Russia marched in an army and crushed her. He believed that in the providence of God Hungary would yet be successful. He thought it wrong, in these days of progress, to be governed altogether by what had been done before, and because Congress had never before adopted a resolution like this, therefore reject this. The Senator from New Hampshire is an adroit parliamentary tactician; when any practical measure is introduced he professes great friendship for it, uses fine words in its favour, but moves to attach to it something which utterly defeats it. So it was with his resolution to suspend diplomatic relations with Austria: the Senator expressed himself favourable to it, but moved to include Russia—this, of course, defeated the proposition; then, to-day, he moved to amend this practical proposition by attaching to it an abstract declaration of the rights of man. No one can mistake the design of the Senator—every one knows that an abstract declaration concerning the Institution of Slavery in the States of this Union cannot pass—the Senator, himself, knows it ought not to pass—we have no power to pass it. No one ought to countenance this firebrand which the Senator has thrown in this discussion.

MR. UNDERWOOD thought Congress ought to pause before they passed this or any similar resolution. Does any one here profess to know the merits of all the attempts at revolution and reform in Europe? Are we sufficiently informed upon the question how far these revolutions were Republican or not? Are we to pass resolutions of this kind in the case of every foreigner who has endeavoured to benefit his country? If we pass this resolution, why not pass others for all the different persons who have figured in European revolutions? He was opposed to any interference with the affairs of other nations. We can give aid by sympathy. When we use words, how long will it be before we are called upon to act? Idle sympathy, consisting of abstract expressions, amounts to nothing. Kossuth understands this himself; for, in one of his recent speeches in England, he says: "I do not ask you to go to war for us, but I ask you to intervene against intervention, and say to those who do intervene, Hands off;" and when you say that, how long will it be before you are called upon to act? He considered that this kind of business was never contemplated by the framers of our form of Government. Will an abstract declaration that we rejoice that Hungary has attempted certain reforms, that France has thrown down her tyrant, that efforts have been made to make a Republic in England, strengthen the principles on which our institutions rest, namely, the right of self-government? That principle is as well understood in Europe as anywhere. He was as much in favour of progress as the Senator from Michigan. But he was opposed to that Senator's means. That Senator favours war and conquest, and declares that he should swallow all Mexico, and it would not hurt him. His progress was different. It was to inculcate in the minds of every one that our Government was a government of justice and right, and that they must never lose sight of those principles in their intercourse with other nations. He disapproved of forcing Democratic Governments upon people who are not prepared for them. The South American States were evidence of the folly of this; for there, one military despot was succeded by another. He asked for the evidence that Kossuth was in favour of Republicanism, such as is known in the United States. Where is the declaration by Kossuth of that nature? Where was the Hungarian Declaration of Independence, or the declaration of Kossuth, declaring that all government was derived from the people, who had the right to change, alter, and abolish that form of government when they pleased?

MR. FOOTE had said that Kossuth, in three speeches delivered in England, had declared himself to be a Republican of the American order, and had repeatedly declared his admiration of Washington.

MR. UNDERWOOD—This was a declaration after the fact. Where was the record of any such declaration before or during the Revolution? Kossuth indeed would be exceedingly green if, intending to make this country his home, he would fail to express his admiration of her great men and institutions.

MR. FOOTE reminded the Senator that Kossuth did not intend to make this country his home.

MR. UNDERWOOD said the fact was nevertheless true, that no declaration was ever made in Hungary by Kossuth of any intention to establish a Republic. The Hungarians demanded certain very great and meritorious reforms, but beyond this they did not go. He examined the subject for some time in this manner, declaring his hostility to all interference in any way with the affairs of other nations. How can the Hungarians or the Irish be complimented for their efforts against their Governments, without censuring the Governments they resisted; and if we could go beyond the United States, and express our sympathies or our condemnation in regard to persons and Governments in Europe, why could we not do the same with regard to persons and Governments in the several States of this Union?

MR. ATCHINSON, of Missouri, moved to postpone the subject, and proceed to the election of a Chaplain, but, after some conversation, withdrew his motion.

MR. CASS read an extract from a letter of Washington, expressing sympathy with struggles for freedom in Europe.

MR. FOOTE read extracts from the President's message concerning Kossuth, and said: "I honour the President for his manliness and true independence in expressing sentiments of respect for Kossuth and republican principles; and I have no respect for any one calling himself an American, whose coward heart will not allow him to express sympathy for republican principles."

MR. UNDERWOOD, of Kentucky, made an inquiry of the Chair, which was not heard.

MR. FOOTE disclaimed all intention to refer to any one here, and repeated his declaration.

MR. UNDERWOOD—I go further than that. I have no respect for any man who is afraid to express his sentiments, no matter what they are, or on what subject, at any time and place, and whenever called upon to do so.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. XCIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent hopeth he don't rude—He magnifieth his office and defineth it—He groweth eloquent over the fact of the week—Mr. Webster nominated—Eleemosynary acts—Voluntary Corporations—The King of the Beggars—The Correspondent and the Queue—His adventures—The day before—Mr. Ashmun and his Comfort—Mr. Stevenson — Oratorical hallucination — Rallying cries—Candour—Appetite for Mr. Webster—The Correspondent shocked—No Prayer—Dr. Woods—The Address—Mr. Choate—Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Walley—Assurance of a blessing—Incidents, contrasts, changes and comments, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1851.

ALTHOUGH it is not my regular week for a letter, I trust you will excuse my intruding upon you again, without allowing you the usual interlocutory week for the due rumination and digestion of my epistles. For these are times wherein ordinary rules must stand aside in the presence of great events. History demands it at my hands, that I should not leave to the ordinary chances and changes of this transitory life the memory of those illustrious facts with the recital of which she has in an especial manner charged me. It will not do for the chief trumpeter of Fame to run the risk of getting broken-winded or of having his "sonorous metal" snatched out of his hand by some pretender whose breath may make it give but an uncertain sound. The authentic record of Conventions, Public Meetings, Celebrations, Processions and other momentous occurrences, having been appointed unto me, woe is me if I make them not known! When an anxious posterity flutters over your pages to find out "the age and body of this time, its form and pressure," what would be my emotions in the Elysian Fields should I find that any had burst in ignorance through my default.

I therefore hasten, without more apology, to unfold the tremendous fact of the last week. A Fact which I have dimly foreshadowed in the prophetic wailings of former missives; but which is enough to break the back not of Prophecy merely, but of History herself. Yes it is true! Daniel Webster is nominated for the Presidency of these United States! Faneuil Hall, as one of the chief orators proudly declared, is at last opened to him! Mayor Bigelow and his Aldermen have been trampled into the dust from which they sprung. "The golden hinges," as the aforesaid orator quoted, having been properly lubricated, turned and let him in. He has at last found a charitable corporation to bestow upon him the alms for which he has so long been begging. To be sure, it had to be created on purpose, but that is nothing to the purpose. What the Legislature of the State would not give him, what the Whig members of the Legislature denied him, what he could not get out of the Whig Convention, and what he dared not ask, an unpacked Convention of his own party called for a Presidential nomination to award to him, he *has* procured of a quantity of men collected for the express purpose! I wonder whether you or I could not get such a nomination if we tried? But who would be the King of the Beggars?

According to my solemn, though implied, promise, I repaired, at eleven o'clock, to Faneuil Hall, that being the hour of the doors opening on the "golden hinges" aforesaid (the Convention being appointed at twelve), that I might not lose even a fragment of the feast. I found quite a large concourse of the faithful waiting the expanding of the portals, forming what they call at the doors of the French theatres a *queue*, or, in the vernacular, a *tail*. Joining myself thereunto, though unworthy, I found myself carried along by that tide which we are assured is setting in towards Mr. Webster elevation, into the gallery. When those of us who had been hearty enough in the cause to undergo the experiment of the infinite compressibility of matter in the passage, fairly emerged into the Hall, we found that there was room enough and to spare. The body of the Hall gradually filled up with the delegates, for whose accommodation the floor was furnished with settees; but at no time was it crowded to any dangerous degree. It was very comical to observe the expression of their countenances. For you must know that, the day before, the supplementary election which was to decide upon the complexion of Massachusetts politics for the coming year, had resulted in the final and utter defeat of the Whigs. That particular day had been fixed on, no doubt, because then the triumph of the Whig party would be established beyond a peradventure, and thus the nomination of Mr. Webster endorsed and accepted in advance. And now they came together defeated and discomfited, dolorous and malcontent, to nominate a President! Truly, it was the farce after the tragedy! Harlequin skipping and grimacing over the bleeding body of Whiggery!

After the galleries had evinced a good deal of impatience, the Convention was organized by the choice of Mr. Ashmun, of Springfield, as President. He alluded, rather inopportunely I thought, to the defeat of the day before, which he attributed to local interests, though he could hardly fail to have known that it was owing, as was that of last year, to Mr. Webster solely. He comforted them, however, by the reflection that they had done all they could, which was strictly and literally true, but must have been, under the circumstances, the very coldest kind of comfort. When he was done, Mr. Stevenson, of Boston, a merchant I believe of much private worth, but who labours under a severe hallucination that he has a gift of public speech, followed. He assured us that the determination to make Mr. Webster President was a fixed fact, and all they had to do was to give it expression. That it was the opinion of all parts of the State that he ought to be the next President (probably they did n't know what they were about at the election just over), and, if he were properly presented to the nation, *he would be elected*. Massachusetts being the test, it certainly looks like it. Mr. Stevenson stated what were the rallying cries of Mr. Webster's friends. Besides the Union and Constitution and all that, this was one, "honourable peace with foreign nations; peace, at any sacrifice at home!" That is, even if *dis*honourable! To be sure, we knew this all along, but we were not prepared for such an excess of candour as would avow it. He assured us that all that had been wanting to Mr. Webster's Presidency the last fifteen years, was *a nomination!* He, as well as Mr. Ashmun, was of opinion that the American people were hungering and thirsting for Mr. Webster and that all they have been waiting for was to have him properly served up to them. We shall now see with what an appetite they will fall to. Mr. Stevenson did his best to pump up a little enthusiasm, but very little was forthcoming, which was rather surprising, considering the quantity of cold water the Whigs had had poured on them the day before. But all the morning it was as dull as a funeral, with the difference that those in attendance were not as merry as mourners.

There was one thing about this Convention which shocked me as much as, I doubt not, it will you, when you hear of it. I mean that it was not opened with prayer. I confess I was amazed, and could in no wise account for the omission, till the President informed the Convention that it had been the intention of the managers to extend the usual civilities of such occasions to the Supreme Being; but that Dr. Woods, on whom they had depended as master of ceremonies, was unable to attend, in confirmation of which he read a very civil, but amazingly non-committal, letter from the aforesaid Doctor. As I saw the Rev. Hubbard Winslow and I believe other reverend gentlemen present, I was in hopes the omission might be rectified even at that late hour. But they proceeded forthwith to Mr. Everett's Address to the people of the United States. I cannot but consider this as a solecism in the good manners on which the Whig party pique themselves. After the Address, Mr. Choate was called for and received with what looked more like enthusiasm than anything that had been shown before, about as much as greets the entrance of a second part actor at the theatre. Mr. Choate is well known for his skill in managing a jury, and is undoubtedly a skilful forensic advocate. But all the addresses I have ever heard him make to public meetings have not been answerable to his reputation. His fluency is great and his command of language copious, and, very possibly, if he happened to have anything good to say, he might say it well. But with nothing to say, he makes a very sorry figure. I have no space to follow him through his speech. It was precisely the speech of an Old Bailey lawyer defending a client on trial for some infamous offence, only his case seemed to be a desperately bad one. He gave a good name, that is a true one, to the late Congress, "the Congress of Compromisers." He told us that Mr. Webster knew more of the Bible than of any book except the Constitution, a circumstance which, if true, is the hardest thing that has ever been said against Holy Writ. And he further expounded the mysteries of Divine Providence by assuring us that the chief object of God is the preservation of this Union! Mr. Choate was followed by Mr. Myron Lawrence and Mr. Samuel H. Walley, whom the Websterites meant to have had nominated for Governor instead of Mr. Winthrop. Their speeches had a moving effect, inasmuch as the audience began to disperse the moment Mr. Choate took his seat. Mr. Walley concluded by averring that the blessing of God would rest upon this nomination, which must have been consolatory to his hearers, inasmuch as it is perfectly clear that nothing less than a miracle can make it succeed. The Address was then adopted and the Convention adjourned.

I am almost sorry that I began to say anything about this Convention, so impossible is it to do do anything like justice to its richnesses. The whole thing was so unequivocally absurd, and the contrast between the vexation and mortification in the faces of the audience with the made-up sanguineness of the speakers, was immeasurably comic. The bulk of the galleries seemed, as far as I could judge, Free Soilers or unbelievers, in a very light and profane state of mind. A Webster Whig I heard saying to a bystander, looking down on the Convention, by way of consolation, "but what a fine-looking body of men they are! what heads!" "Yes," responded his friend, "the heads are good enough; but there is one capital defect about them. *There is n't enough of them!*" Then the discrepancies, as present to the minds of those cursed with good memories, between the present and past sayings and doings of the parties prominent there, were significant enough. As for example: One of the chief speakers at this Convention, and one of the loudest flatterers of Mr. Webster, is the same man who said the day after the 7th of March speech arrived, "*It is not often that a man has it in his power to disgrace the age in which he lives!* DANIEL WEBSTER HAS DONE IT!!" These things do not tend to elevate one's opinion of one's race, particularly of the American portion of it. But we are a nation of *sneaks*, and must remain such as long as we are willing to stand by and see the big fellows thrash the little ones, and call it PATRIOTISM! It was noticeable, however, that very few, none almost, of the prominent Whigs made their appearance. Indeed, one of Mr. Webster's main recommendations seemed to be that he was *not* a party man; and very plain indications given that the Whig party was to be *scuttled*, and the rats to take care of themselves.—D. Y.

Correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 25, 1851.

FRIEND GAY: I arrived in this city of gable roofs about one o'clock on Sunday last, from South Kingston, where I lectured, the night previous, to the fullest house which has been out for years to a similar meeting.

Shortly after my arrival, I went to the Union Church and awaited the arrival of the pastor, the Rev. S. Cantibury, who, as soon as I was introduced to him, asked me to lecture that evening in his church. He gave notice of it at the close of service, and requested all to come, friends and enemies; he went in person to several places, and sent to all which he had time to send. He is one who takes hold of the cause in the right way. He told me that the house would be full, and his words proved true, for the house was literally crammed. I thought it best to make good use of the time and opportunity; I therefore spared not the pro-slavery people, both Church and State, for two hours, without fear or favour. Though there were several slaveholders present, a more silent or attentive audience I never saw; and if they never listened before to wholesome and home truths, for once they heard the words of soberness and truth.

The Rev. S. Cantibury invited me to make my stay with him. He facetiously calls his house the "Pilgrim's Inn," and it has proven so to many a weary traveller. But no tales. He is a most generous and whole-souled man, one of Liberty's freemen; he preaches, prays and exhorts to liberty of soul, mind and body. He was born in the land of flesh-pots; he has seen the seared scars which are made, as it were, by the scorching points of lightning upon the souls of the chattles.

On Monday night, I held forth again, giving freedom to all or any one to reply to any remark or assertion which I might make, at any moment which they might choose, but none availed themselves of the privilege.

I spoke about an hour. I applied the Declaration of Independence to the politicians and also the Constitution, and showed their Janus glances at Liberty and their hollow-heartedness. I compared some thirty passages of Scripture with the preaching, praying, singing, acting and practising of the ministers and laymen of the Church. It was all swallowed with good grace, and both meetings passed off with peacefulness and attention.

I was very unwell the night of the last lecture, and I informed the meeting of it before I commenced; but I got somewhat engaged and spoke longer than I expected which occasioned several to remark to me that they wished I would get sick often if I would only preach such truths to them.

My friend Gay, has it ever been your happy lot to meet Mrs. Sophia L. Little, of Newport? If not, you have not yet seen and enjoyed the company of one of the best of Christian ladies, one of the best and most elegant writers, one of the most devoted Abolitionists, and one of the purest philanthropists.

I have just returned from a visit to her daughter, sister and her herself. She is one of those who will not sit still whenever she can raise her voice, wield her pen, exercise a duty, or raise the solemn prayer for the wounded in spirit and bruised in soul; and she falters not, in the least, to fulfil all of the above duties in and out of season.

Shame on the ministers of Newport, not one of which will visit the prisoners of the county jail, but leave it for a poor lone widow woman to fulfil *their* duty, and shame them into silence by her pouring the oil and wine into their lonely and grieved bosoms. Let it be told throughout America, and published in the streets of every city, that Mrs. Sophia L. Little is the only *minister* in Newport who will humble herself to preach the Word of God to the prisoners confined in their town; for not one of them has been to visit them since the present jailor has been in office, which has been six months.

This Christian lady visits them every Sunday in the forenoon; in the afternoon she has a Bible class, and at night she holds another meeting; rain or shine, fair or foul, she is always at her post. She preaches, prays and explains the Word of God, Bunyan's Progress and the like works,

I have had a very pleasant and instructive visit. She is a woman, take her for all in all; it has not been my happy lot to look upon many who were her equals. I am proud she is a Rhode Island woman. She is an honour to the State, and an honour to the Nation, and may she long live in health and prosperity to exert her influence and to bless her race.

I know not what place I shall visit next, nor whither I shall wend my steps, but you will hear from me again before long. Yours forever, for

Liberty and Freedom,

LIBERTY.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

NOVEMBER 12, 1851—10 P. M.

MY DEAR GAY: In pursuance of the unconquerable propensity I have of rushing, by hook or by crook, *per fas aut nefas*, to see in the flesh those I love or honour in the spirit, I crossed the Irish sea, within the last 48 hours, in order to see and hear Kossuth in Manchester. And now, having gained my point, I am going home again on board the "Iron Duke," who quivers a little, to be sure, with the thumping of the huge engines; but, as the night is fine, I may as well improve the time by writing to you. On my way with a friend, by rail from Liverpool to Manchester, yesterday, one working man told us he heard Kossuth was to *lecture* in the Free Trade Hall that night. And as we made our way through the crowded streets, another "fustian jacket" said he believed the people were waiting to see some King—he believed the King of Hungary. However, as the time of Kossuth's arrival approached, the principal streets became greatly thronged, and when he did pass, in an open carriage, drawn by four grey horses, gaily caparisoned, his reception was most hearty and enthusiastic. A newspaper reporter, who had witnessed the Queen's recent visit, which was very heartily welcomed, told me he thought the reception of Kossuth was still more hearty.

It is a grand thing to look upon such a very wonderful and admirable man—the man whom a noble and gallant people regard with intense and passionate veneration, as their leader, and, humanly speaking, the star of their hope. He is about the middle height; his complexion is dark; he wears moustaches and a short black beard; his face is like the portraits, rather long, animated and expressive. His demeanour is perfectly unpretending, and his attitudes graceful, with a dash of the oriental. That his reception should be so hearty from such an undemonstrative people as the English, who generally know little and care little about foreign politics, is a remarkable proof of the deep interest created by the Hungarian struggle, and of the strength of the growing conviction that something must be done to roll back the tide of despotism that has covered the face of continental Europe, oppressing with an iron heel millions of the most intellectual and educated nations in the world. Last evening, the great Reception Meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall, a vast room capable of holding 7,000 persons, and which was densely filled on this spirit-stirring occasion. I wish you had heard the shout of the multitude when Kossuth entered the building. What cheering and hurraing—what waving of hats and handkerchiefs—and how happy and hearty every body looked! How this gushing forth of honest and earnest sympathy must cheer the heart of the war-worn, toil-worn, afflicted Exile, so lately the captive of the unwilling Sultan at the bidding of two of the worst *crowned* despots in the world. The meeting was opened by a speech from the chairman and the reading of an address from the people of Manchester, and of a long list of addresses from the towns and cities of the surrounding district, the richest and the most populous in the world. Then came an eloquent and manly speech from John Bright, one of the members for the town, and next to Cobden, the most noted of the Anti-Corn-Law leaders. These were shortly followed by a long address of thanks from the great man himself. After all I had read of his speeches since his arrival in England, I was not prepared for his extraordinary command of language, and the readiness with which he clothes his ideas, whether on practical or abstract subjects, in choice and appropriate English words. I know no instance of any other man having attained this facility. And he not only does this, but he suits the peculiar tastes and ideas of the English people in a marvellous manner, whilst he manfully professes his own political faith and declares his own convictions. His turn of mind is evidently like that of the Anglo Saxons—practical, common sense, to the point. He seems made for a great statesman and an able administrator. How I longed that, when he gets to America, he could be surrounded by *consistent* republicans, men who are for universal liberty, liberty for the people of all classes, and (as John Bright said, and the sentiment was pointedly responded to) "people of all colours." I hate to think of Kossuth's noble presence being desecrated by hordes of ruthless slaveholders and unprincipled pro-slavery politicians—wretches who hold nothing sacred but dollars and cents, and who act as if they believed with MacDuffie, that Slavery was indeed the corner stone of your republican edifice. When he tells you, as he told us, that he broke the bonds of half a million of Hungarian serfs, and made them landholders, how must the Great Republic hang her head with shame, that *her* polity is primarily directed to retain her bondsmen in a ten times more cruel and merciless Slavery, and then to punish vindictively all who aid the flying fugitive or baffle the two-legged bloodhounds that bay upon his track.

I will send you, by same post that takes this, a copy of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, containing a nearly verbatim report of the speech that I heard Kossuth deliver. You will observe that one of the most effective and exciting passages is that in which he exposes the absurdity of those who say that the disturbed state of Europe is owing to the machinations of a few designing demagogues, and that if the people were let alone, they would be peaceful, happy and contented. He asks what they have to be contented with. "France, with her constitution subverted; Germany, whose people are like a fold of sheep pent up to be shorn by some 30 petty tyrants; Italy, under the rule of the King of Naples and the Pope; Austria, Prussia, Bohemia, Dalmatia, forced to acts of butchery, and, after being deceived, then plundered, oppressed and laughed at as fools; Poland murdered; Hungary worse than murdered, buried alive—for she is alive; half the cities of Europe bombarded, sacked and plundered." As I listened with a throbbing heart to this eloquent outburst from the lips of one who spoke as with the voice of a nation, how natural to my mind was the transition to the still more disgusting pretence of the leaders of your political parties, that the millions of slaves in your free country would be perfectly happy and contented but for the machinations of a handful of misguided, fanatical Abolitionists, who scorn the law of Webster and prate of the law of God. How far Kossuth may stoop to the exigencies of his position, or shut his eyes to the strange anomaly of the American Government being the sworn and staunch upholders of the intensest form of tyranny in existence and the bitterest enemies of impartial liberty, of course I cannot even guess. The temptation that assails him is tremendous; and if he withstand it, he will evince stupendous moral courage and the noblest heroism. Whatever his course may be, the duty of the Abolitionists remains the same, and that is to continue to cry aloud, and spare not, against the hypocrisy of the American Government. European despotisms are unblushing in their tyranny. They do not cant about freedom, and welcome exiled patriots, while they practice a baser, meaner, crueller oppression themselves, and try people for high treason who have acted precisely like Washington, Franklin, Kossuth and Mazzini. We talk of the power of the Press, and the enlightening influences of free institutions. I do not know how to begin to comprehend the state of mind of the unprincipled, shameless pro-slavery editors and politicians of the Free States.

I see that the subject of Jamaica as a place of retreat for the persecuted free coloured people of the United States is a good deal discussed. My belief is, that for skilled artizans, or men with small capital, the change would be for the better. For mere unskilled labourers, it would not be, on the whole, advantageous. So says Mr. Bigelow, of the *New York Evening Post*, in his admirable little work on Jamaica. I would not have the latter class listen to the inducements of designing, interested speculators, who may try to allure them there. Wages are low for unskilled labour, and employment not nearly so easily got or so well paid as in the United States. I do not think much of the recommendation to the free coloured people to stay for the purpose of conquering prejudice, and asserting their right to America as their own country. The best place for a man is where he is most useful, happy, and prosperous; and it is not in the nature of things that the coloured people of the United States should remain there if they should hear of another home where their condition would be improved, both socially and physically. I rejoice for their own sakes to see my poor country people flocking to America, though I would rejoice more if things were so circumstanced here that that they could enjoy equal prosperity, as I believe they would surely have better health, at home. There is no use in proposing motives to masses of men, such as it is morally impossible that numbers could be actuated by, although individuals might be, and to good purpose.

I have lately had an opportunity of seeing the *National Era*, and am greatly struck by the ability of a story now publishing in its columns. I do not know whether you have looked over it. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly." In point of fact, it gives sketches of life among negroes, planters, Quakers, in the taverns, in New Orleans, and all sorts of places, and these are drawn with remarkable vigour and effect. I anticipate great popularity for the book when completed. I wish the writer, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, had not made the virtual admission, in a conversation between Augustus St. Clair, a Southern gentleman, and his stiff worthy Vermont cousin, Miss Ophelia, that the slaves are frequently not worse off than the labouring classes in Europe. I admit that the physical condition of the former may very often be much better than that of the poor in parts of Europe, especially in my own country; but the damning guilt of Slavery is that its cruelties and disabilities are the result not merely of custom and the slow growth of ages, but the deliberate enactment of laws in full operation, and zealously amended and strengthened by all the power of a free, Christian democracy. Human beings are not bought and sold in any part of Europe, and concubinage is not the inevitable portion of all the women in any three millions of her people. The incidental evils of bad government, or ancient customs or enactments, are very great, but they are freely admitted and deplored, and none are more honoured than those who labour to remove them. The Christian American republican slaveholder seems to fly in the face of God and man, and to glory in his shame.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

In the *National Era* I met with some very able editorials, particularly a capital reply to Judge Kane's Exposition of the Law of High Treason, which I would have been glad to see in all the Anti-Slavery papers. The *Era* is certainly American, partaking thoroughly of the general sentiment of the country, that you can whip all creation. I was amazed to see an article, on the fourth page, not long since, "written for the *Era*," which coolly proposed sending an armed force to Japan, and forcing American trade upon that country, precisely as the English did in the infamous China war. I think all such propositions equally cruel and unjustifiable. I wish the editor would travel a little; it would perhaps shake off some of his national self-conceit, and convince him that great as is the extent and importance of the United States, the world is wider, more populous, and contains quite as many souls worth saving.

Yours ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Notices.

Fourth Worcester Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

WILL be held in BRINLEY HALL, on *NEW YEAR'S WEEK*, commencing on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 30, and closing on FRIDAY EVENING, Jan. 2.

In renewing our claim upon every lover of the right, every friend of the oppressed, for aid and co-operation, we feel assured that no word of appeal can so arouse the conscience, or quicken the sympathy, as a consideration of the

An Original Poem.

THE following poem was written by a young lady, a student at the New York Central College, at McGrawville, and read at the last Commencement of that Institution. The leading incidents are taken from the life of the beautiful and unfortunate slave, Emily Russell, who died on her passage from Washington to New Orleans, for which market she was shipped after the unsuccessful attempt to escape, made by herself and others, on board the schooner Pearl, and for which the officers of that vessel, Drayton and Sayres, are now suffering imprisonment at Washington.

MABEL.

BY T. T.

O pitying eyes! that backward cast
Mournful looks on the blood-stained past,
And weep sad tears of grief and woe,
When ye think of the noble hearts, bow'd low
In dungeons chained; their weary days
Unsoothed by words of hope or praise;
Their wretched nights, where never beam'd
The radiance of a brighter dream;
O, warm true hearts! that feel the pain
That noble hearts have borne in vain,
That once beat high with hope and pride,
When their paths lay in the sunny side;
And still sustained by a holy trust,
When their earthly hopes were low in dust,
When the smiles of fortune fled for aye
And their journey led thro' a clouded way.
O ye who have leaned o'er the lettered page,
Grim with the crimes of a darker age,
And read, with eyes all dim with tears,
Of those who have lived for years and years
Shut from the light of the blessed day—
In the dungeon's damp of the Bastile grey,
Or pining long with cankering chain
'Neath the pillar'd arches of Chillon lain.
Then thought, tho' the breeze went wandering free
Thro' the balmy groves of Italy,
And the skies above, so soft and blue
That the angel spirits might wander thro',
And scarcely know they breath'd an air
Less soft than their native heaven there—
And yet there are eyes, which may never dream
To gaze once more on the glad sunbeam,
Moonlight, and star-light, the light of day,
Shed on their darkness no kindly ray;
Soft blow the breezes, yet never again
Freshness and gladness are wafted to them;
From the low damp vault, the narrow cell
They passed to their graves without a knell—
And the mildewed walls no tale may tell
Of the silent torture, which, day by day,
Wasted their weary lives away.
O, leave the page, 'tis all in vain
To weep o'er ashes that have lain
Long forgotten; their life of woe
Mingled with dust long ages ago—
Leave the old world, all hoary in crime,
Mournfully tolling the funeral chime
Of tottering thrones and ermined state;
Dark with doom is their coming fate;
Turn from the leaves of the olden time
To the blackened page of our own fair clime.

Beautiful land of valley and glen!
Whose humble homes have nurtured *men*;
Beautiful land! whose rivers and streams
Are flashing beneath the broad sunbeams
Of the mountain and hill, where the shadows play
That foretell the dawn of a brighter day;
Beautiful land! where Nature seems
Revelling at last in her own wild dreams,
Weaving vague fancies, then breaking away
Wilful and wild as a child at play;
Beautiful Land! oh why should it be
That Nature herself *alone* is free!
And thy boasted flag of freedom waves
Over a land of chains and slaves!
Land of the free! could the southern breeze
Which stirs the lemon and orange leaves,
Bearing their perfume softly along,
Could it speak, what a tale of woe and wrong
That breeze would tell! of the hopes and fears
That have stirred men's bosoms for years and years;
Or darker still, when their hopes had gone,
How sluggishly life's stream flowed on.
Lost! fled! each dream of liberty,
They sunk into listless apathy;
For what is the life of the hopeless slave
But a stagnant pool, a stranded wave.
Of the prison dark, the breeze would tell
In the walls of the Nation's capital,
Of the foul, dark deeds of wrong and shame
There wrought in Freedom's holy name.
Tho' the sunlight steals thro' the prison bars,
And the slave may look up to the midnight stars,
Though the fresh, warm breeze, their brows that fan
Is as soft as the zephers of Hindostan,
And sweeter odours may wafted be
Than are borne on the winds of Araby,
Yet blacker than Egypt's night of old
Is the darkness which their limbs infold,
For what is the light of day to them
When they stand erect no more as men?

The sun had set; the last faint beam
Was thrown o'er hill and dale and stream;
As a fairy wand it upward stole,
Turning each thing it touched to gold;
Gilding all o'er the dark green leaves
'Mid the topmost boughs of the forest trees;
Then leaving them wrapped in dusky gloom,
It passed on its lonely way,
Lingering awhile by the laureled tomb
Where the Hero's ashes lay,
And kissed the wave in the River's breast
That flows where those honoured relics rest.
Thro' shaded street and crowded mart,
Thrilling with joy full many a heart,
Swift glided the wandering ray,
Thro' the narrow court—the poor man's home—
O'er spire and cross, and the lofty dome
Where the Rulers met that day—
Loudly to mourn the fate of those
Who fell in the strife, that Freedom's foes
Waged hot on the Old World's plains;
While all forgot were the heavy chains
Which bound in their prison the true and brave,
Who *dared* to rescue the bleeding slave!
As the last faint hope, a sad farewell
Stole the light to a captive's lonely cell,
Who smiled as she saw that the lingering ray
Was the latest beam of the dying day.
'Twas a strange smile, that told a tale
Of wrong and woe and misery,
Which spoke of the midnight's lowly wail,
Sad tears her only luxury.
When the morn came her eye must be
Radiant with joy and gayety,
And the worn cheek must freshly glow,
Breathing no tale of the wild *dark* woe
Which chilled her heart, and fever'd her brain,
A wearisome, heavy and throbbing pain.
O, beautiful as a spirit of air
Was the face and form of that maiden fair!
Dark and deep was her mournful eye—
As the midnight wave 'neath a clouded sky;
But the warm blood which was crossing through
The rounded cheek, and neck, and brow,
Had tinted them all with a sunnier hue
Than the haughty Saxon's boasted snow.
Alas! sweet maid, this, is the key
To thy deep and hopeless misery.
Doomed from thy birth to be a slave
Slave, from the cradle to the grave;
Yet now there dawns a darker fate
For thee—so beautiful and young!
O, save her ere it be too late!
Ere life's last drop of joy be wrung
From the dark chalice, and no ray
May steal athwart her dreary way.

'Twas a still night, a night to brood
O'er mournful thoughts in solitude,
And Mabel knelt on the prison floor
That the moonbeams feebly checkered o'er,
With her lips compress'd, and her full, dark eye
Lifted up to the star-lit sky.
"Alone, alone!" at last she said,
"How wearily the hours have fled,
Since the first breaking of the dawn.
But now the weary day has gone:
The faces that have looked on me
So curious, yet so pityingly,
Have fled—lone night steals on.
O, mother! mother, where art thou?
Gazing upon the moon's sad light;
Perhaps thou pray'st for me now;
O thou wilt think of me to-night.
O, pitying God! look down and see
Her grief, and my deep misery.
How quietly the moonbeams steal
Down thro' the prison bars,
And I look up and seem to feel
The silence of the stars.
'Tis strange, ah! wonderous strange to me.
I smiled to think the light
Had flown with my false gayety.
I thought to weep to-night;
But now the starlight seems to stream
Deep in my inmost soul;
It calms, it stills my troubled dreams;
Bright angels seem to fold
Their pure white wings across my breast,
And softly whisper to me, "Rest."

"I cannot rest—he came to-day—
When he is here—what can it mean?
How swiftly glide the hours away.
'Tis strange, 'tis sad, when shall I wake?
O, God! if it should prove a dream,
My poor *torn* heart, 'twould break."

They tell me he is stern and cold,
And yet he is not so to me:
They say his base and sordid soul
Loves, worships *gold*, and only gold;
But, oh! 'tis false, it cannot be!
They tell me, yet how blind they are,
He bought me for my face and form;
Ah! would I never had been born!
So fair: they say that he will send me far
To some dread Southern mart,
And ruthless trample on my heart!
He seems so true; this very day,
He looked on me so mournfully,
While earnestly he said to me:
"I will not sell you far away;
Mabel, fear not, you shall be free;"
And then, when I looked up so glad,
So wild with joy, how very sad
He grew; what can it mean?
O, can it be all, all a dream?
He said: "you think not of my woe;
Yes, you will leave me, you will go
To a cold Northern clime to dwell;
And I must bid a long farewell
To hope and joy when you depart."
How wildly throbbed my poor, poor heart!

She slept, and softly angels came,
And in her dreams they breathed her name.
It seemed a breeze from Heaven's gate
When a voice said, so faint and low
That her soul alone could catch the flow
Of measured sweetness, "Angels wait
Around thee, maiden; oh, be calm!
On bleeding hearts they pour the balm
Of healing; with thee now they mourn,
And yet they see the coming dawn.
O, dawn of hope! O, day so fair!
Peace, peace, faint heart, thy rest is there."

* * * * * *

Night on the waters! darkness lay
Around the vessel's lonely way,
Save where the vivid lightnings gleamed
Upon the swelling mountain waves;
No friendly star upon thee beam'd,
Lone vessel! with thy hundred *slaves*.
It seemed as though the frowns of heaven
Were gathering from above—below—
And bolts of wrath the clouds had riven,
To burst upon that ship of woe.

O! in that hour of dread and fear,
When death seemed ever hovering near,
Watching all shark-like for his prey,
Where, mid the raging of the storm,
Doth Mabel hide her wasted form,
Weeping the midnight hours away?

Faintly a dim lamp sheds its beams
O'er the still working of her sad, pale face,
So worn that scarce a farewell trace
Of her past loveliness was seen.
She slept, but 'twas a feverish sleep;
Traces of tears were on her cheek
And wasted was her form, and weak;
Yet soon she shall no longer weep:
Faintly, more faintly comes her breath;
Soon she will sleep in the arms of Death!
Quiet and still she long hath lain,
Yet her wrists are bound with a heavy chain.
What do they fear? that feeble hand
Can wield no sword, nor light a brand!
Fear they the dying? ah, wretched slave,
Thrice hast thou sought the cooling wave,
And eager plunged, and thought in vain
Thus to end thy life of pain.

Near her sat, watching, another form,
An aged woman with dusky brow,
Who, trembling, listened to the storm,
Then turned to catch her breathing low.
And when she woke, and gasped for breath,
And begged for water piteously,
The watcher prayed the hand of Death
Might quickly end her misery.
She brought the water, Mabel drank
A long, deep draught, then weary sank
Back on the hard, bare floor;
"O for a little air," she feebly said;
"O, but to raise my aching head,
Yet soon will all be o'er,
And I shall breathe another air
In a far land—how bright! how fair!
Ah! now you 've raised me, and I rest
Peacefully on your faithful breast."

"'Tis a wild storm—I heard the waves
Rolling and moaning in my sleep;
I thought I was swimming among the caves
That cover the floor of the boundless deep:
It was a dream so strange and wild,
For the loved ones came and looked on me;
My mother gazed on her poor lost child,
As I lay 'mid the waves, far down in the sea,
And methought she was weeping bitterly.
And then there was another came—
My master—and he shrieked my name,
And strove to catch my broken chain,
Then sternly cried, "Will no one save
Poor Mabel from a watery grave?"
Methought I laughed his words to scorn,
And spoke to him derisively;
Then, far above the midnight storm,
I heard my words borne back to me,
"In vain thou shriek'st, 'tis all in vain,
Tyrant! thy reign is o'er;
Thou may'st not clasp the broken chain,
The soul is thine no more."
Then all seemed changed; I saw a light
Around me gleam; and angels bright
Folded their arms about my form;
I felt no more the raging storm;
I thought we were floating down a sea
So still, so calm, so tranquilly,
That scarce a ripple stirred its breast;
The angels whispered to me, Rest;
In the bright land beyond this wave
There sigheth not one weary slave,
And we are bearing thee away;
O, rest thee till the dawn of day?
And then I woke; it was a dream;
The dawn, when will it break?
O, starless nights! how long ye 've been!
I'm weary, and I long to wake
In the bright land where all are free.

The morn broke over a heaving sea
Which lay 'neath a cloudless sky,
Yet she looked not upon the glorious morn,
For cold in death was her lifeless form,
And closed was her weary eye.
Long had she struggled against her chain,
Long had she suffered with bitter pain,
But now the spirit had reached the shore
Where the chains of earth can bind no more.

Miscellany.

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

"THE transmission of orders from the Apostles to an English clergyman of the present day must have been through a very great number of intermediate persons. Now, it is probable that no clergyman in the Church of England can trace up his spiritual genealogy from bishop to bishop so far back as the time of the Conquest. There remain many centuries during which the history of the transmission of his orders is buried in utter darkness. And whether he be a priest by succession from the Apostles depends on the question, whether during that long period, some thousands of events took place, any one of which may, without any gross improbability, be supposed not to have taken place. We have not a tittle of evidence for any one of these events. We do not even know the names or countries of the men to whom it is taken for granted that these events happened. We do not know whether the spiritual ancestors of any one of our contemporaries were Spanish or Armenian, Arian or Orthodox. In the utter absence of all particular evidence, we are surely entitled to require that there should be very strong evidence indeed that the strictest regularity was observed in every generation, and that episcopal functions were exercised by none who were not bishops by succession from the Apostles. But we have no such evidence. In the first place, we have not full and accurate information touching the polity of the Church during the century which followed the persecution of Nero. That, during this period, the overseers of all the little Christian societies scattered through the Roman empire held their spiritual authority by virtue of holy orders derived from the Apostles, cannot be proved by contemporary testimony, or by any testimony which can be regarded as decisive. The question, whether the primitive ecclesiastical constitution bore a greater resemblance to the Anglican or to the Calvanistic model, has been fiercely disputed. It is a question on which men of eminent parts, learning, and piety have differed, and do to this day differ very widely. It is a question on which at least a full half of the ability and erudition of Protestant Europe has, ever since the Reformation, been opposed to the Anglican pretensions. Mr. Gladstone himself, we are persuaded, would have the candour to allow that, if no evidence were admitted but that which is furnished by the genuine Christian literature of the first two centuries, judgement would not go in favour of prelacy. And if he looked at the subject as calmly as he would look at a controversy respecting the Roman *Comitia* or the Anglo Saxon Wittenagemote, he would probably think that the absence of contemporary evidence during so long a period was a defect which later attestations, however numerous, could but very imperfectly supply. It is surely impolitic to rest the doctrines of the English Church on a historical theory which, to ninety-nine Protestants out of a hundred, would seem much more questionable than any of those doctrines. Nor is this all. Extreme obscurity overhangs the history of the middle ages; and the facts which are discernible through that obscurity prove that the Church was exceedingly ill regulated. We read of sees of the highest dignity openly sold, transferred backwards and forwards by popular tumult, bestowed sometimes by a profligate woman on her paramour, sometimes by a warlike baron on a kinsman still a stripling. We read of bishops of ten years old, of bishops of five years old, of many popes who were mere boys, and who rivalled the frantic dissoluteness of Caligula, nay, of a female pope. And though this last story, once believed throughout all Europe, has been disproved by the strict researches of modern criticism, the most discerning of those who reject it have admitted that it is not intrinsically improbable. In our own island, it was the complaint of Alfred that not a single priest south of the Thames, and very few on the north, could read either Latin or English. And this illiterate clergy exercised their ministry amidst a rude and half-heathen population, in which Danish pirates, unchristened, or christened by the hundred on a field of battle, were mingled with a Saxon peasantry scarcely better instructed in religion. The state of Ireland was still worse. 'Tota illa per universam Hiberniam dissolutio ecclesiasticæ disciplinæ, illa ubique pro consuetudine Christiana sæva subintroducta barbaries,' are the expressions of St. Bernard. We are, therefore, at a loss to conceive how any clergyman can feel confident that his orders have come down correctly. Whether he be really a successor of the Apostles depends on an immense number of such contingencies as these: whether, under King Ethelwolf, a stupid priest might not, while baptizing several scores of Danish prisoners who had just made their option between the font and the gallows, inadvertently omit to perform the rite on one of these graceless proselytes; whether, in the seventh century, an impostor, who had never received consecration, might not have passed himself off as a bishop on a rude tribe of Scots; whether a lad of twelve did really, by a ceremony huddled over when he was too drunk to know what he was about, convey the episcopal character to a lad of ten.

"Since the first century, not fewer, in all probability, than a hundred thousand persons have exercised the functions of bishops. That many of these have not been bishops by apostolical succession is quite certain. Hooker admits that deviations from the general rule have been frequent, and with a boldness worthy of his high and statesmanlike intellect, pronounces them to have been often justifiable. 'There may be,' says he, 'sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a bishop. Where the Church must needs have some ordained, and neither hath nor can have possibly a bishop to ordain, in case of such necessity the ordinary institution of God hath given *oftentimes*, and may give place. And therefore we are not simply without exception to urge a lineal descent of power from the Apostles by continued succession of bishops in every effectual ordination.' There can be little doubt, we think, that the succession, if it ever existed, has often been interrupted in ways much less respectable. For example, let us suppose, and we are sure that no well-informed person will think the supposition by any means improbable, that, in the third century, a man of no principle and some parts, who has, in the course of a roving and discreditable life, been a catechumen at Antioch, and has there become familiar with Christian usages and doctrines, afterwards rambles to Marseilles, where he finds a Christian society, rich, liberal, and simple-hearted. He pretends to be a Christian, attracts notice by his abilities and affected zeal, and is raised to the episcopal dignity without having ever been baptized. That such an event might happen, nay, was very likely to happen, cannot well be disputed by any one who has read the Life of Peregrinus. The very virtues, indeed, which distinguished the early Christians, seem to have laid them open to those arts which deceived

"Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven."

"Now, this unbaptized impostor is evidently no successor of the Apostles. He is not even a Christian; and all orders derived through such a pretended bishop are altogether invalid. Do we know enough of the state of the world and of the Church in the third century to be able to say with confidence that there were not at that time twenty such pretended bishops? Every such case makes a break in the apostolical succession.

"Now, suppose that a break, such as Hooker admits to have been both common and justifiable, or such as we have supposed to be produced by hypocrisy and cupidity, were found in the chain which connected the Apostles with any of the missionaries who first spread Christianity in the wilder parts of Europe, who can say how extensive the effect of this single break may be? Suppose that St. Patrick, for example, if ever there was such a man, or Theodore of Tarsus, who is said to have consecrated in the seventh century the first bishops of many English sees, had not the true apostolical orders, is it not conceivable that such a circumstance may affect the orders of many clergymen now living? Even if it were possible, which it assuredly is not, to prove that the Church had the apostolical orders in the third century, it would be impossible to prove that those orders were not in the twelfth century so far lost that no ecclesiastic could be certain of the legitimate descent of his own spiritual character. And if this were so, no subsequent precautions could repair the evil.

"Chillingworth states the conclusion at which he had arrived on this subject in these very remarkable words: 'That of ten thousand probables no one should be false; that of ten thousand requisites, whereof any one may fail, not one should be wanting, this to me is extremely improbable, and even cousin-german to impossible. So that the assurance hereof is like a machine composed of an innumerable multitude of pieces, of which it is strangely unlikely but some will be out of order; and yet, if any one be so, the whole fabric falls of necessity to the ground: and he that shall put them together, and maturely consider all the possible ways of lapsing and nullifying a priesthood in the Church of Rome, will be very inclinable to think that it is a hundred to one, that among a hundred seeming priests, there is not one true one; nay, that it is not a thing very improbable that, amongst those many millions which make up the Romish hierarchy, there are not twenty true.'"—*T. B. Macaulay, in The 'Traveller's Library.'*

OUR SCHOOL.

WE went to look at it, only this last Midsummer, and found that the Railway had cut it up root and branch. A great trunk-line had swallowed the playground, sliced away the schoolroom, and pared off the corner of the house: which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself, in a great stage of stucco, profilewise towards the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end.

It seemed as if our schools were doomed to be the sport of change. We have faint recollections of a Preparatory Day-School, which we have sought in vain, and which must have been pulled down to make a new street, ages ago. We have dim impressions, scarcely amounting to a belief, that it was over a dyer's shop. We know that you went up steps to it; that you frequently grazed your knees in doing so; that you generally got your leg over the scraper, in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe. The mistress of the Establishment holds no place in our memory; but, rampant on one eternal door-mat, in an eternal entry long and narrow, is a puffy pug-dog, with a personal animosity towards us, who triumphs over Time. The bark of that baleful Pug, a certain radiating way he had of snapping at our undefended legs, the ghastly grinning of his moist black muzzle and white teeth, and the insolence of his crisp tail curled like a pastoral crook, all live and flourish. From an otherwise unaccountable association of him with a fiddle, we conclude that he was of French extraction, and his name *Fidele*. He belonged to some female, chiefly inhabiting a back parlour, whose life appears to us to have been consumed in sniffing, and in wearing a brown beaver bonnet. For her, he would sit up and balance cake upon his nose, and not eat it until twenty had been counted. To the best of our belief, we were once called in to witness this performance; when, unable, even in his milder moments, to endure our presence, he instantly made at us, cake and all.

Why a something in mourning, called "Miss Frost," should still connect itself with our preparatory school, we are unable to say. We retain no impression of the beauty of Miss Frost—if she were beautiful; or of the mental fascinations of Miss Frost—if she were accomplished; yet her name and her black dress hold an enduring place in our remembrance. An equally impersonal boy, whose name has long since shaped itself unalterably into "Master Mawls," is not to be dislodged from our brain. Retaining no vindictive feeling towards Mawls—no feeling whatever, indeed—we infer that neither he nor we can have loved Miss Frost. Our first impression of Death and Burial is associated with this formless pair. We all three nestled awfully in a corner one wintry day, when the wind was blowing shrill, with Miss Frost's pinafore over our heads; and Miss Frost told us in a whisper about somebody being "screwed down." It is the only distinct recollection we preserve of these impalpable creatures, except a suspicion that the manners of Master Mawls were susceptible of much improvement. Generally speaking we may observe that whenever we see a child intently occupied with its nose, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, our mind reverts in a flash to Master Mawls.

But, the School that was our School before the Railroad came and overthrew it, was quite another sort of place. We were old enough to be put into Virgil when we went there, and to get Prizes for a variety of polishing on which the rust has long accumulated. It was a School of some celebrity in its neighbourhood—nobody could have said why—and we had the honour to attain and hold the eminent position of first boy. The master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of the ushers was supposed to know everything. We are still inclined to think the first-named supposition perfectly correct.

We have a general idea that its subject had been in the leather trade, and had bought us—meaning our School—of another proprietor, who was immensely learned. Whether this belief had any real foundation, we are not likely ever to know now. The only branches of education with which he showed the least acquaintance, were, ruling, and corporally punishing. He was always ruling ciphering books with a bloated mahogany ruler, or smiting the palms of offenders with the same diabolical instrument, or viciously drawing a pair of pantaloons tight with one of his large hands, and caning the wearer with the other. We have no doubt whatever that this occupation was the principle solace of his existence.

A profound respect for money pervaded Our School, which was, of course, derived from its Chief. We remember an idiotic goggle-eyed boy, with a big head and half-crowns without end, who suddenly appeared as a parlour-boarder, and was rumoured to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth where his parents rolled in gold. He was usually called "Mr." by the Chief, and was said to feed in the parlour on steaks and gravy; likewise to drink currant wine. And he openly stated that if rolls and coffee were ever denied him at breakfast, he would write home to that unknown part of the globe from which he had come, and cause himself to be recalled to the regions of gold. He was put into no form or class, but learnt alone, as little as he liked—and he liked very little—and there was a belief among us that this was because he was too wealthy to be "taken down." His special treatment and our vague association of him with the sea, and with storms, and sharks, and Coral Reefs, occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as his history. A tragedy in blank verse was written on the subject—if our memory does not deceive us, by the hand that now chronicles these recollections—in which his father figured as a Pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities: first imparting to his wife the secret of the cave in which his wealth was stored, and from which his only son's half-crowns now issued. Dumbledon (the boy's name) was represented as "yet unborn" when his brave father met his fate; and the despair and grief of Mrs. Dumbledon at that calamity was movingly shadowed forth as having weakened the parlour-boarder's mind. This production was received with great favour, and was twice performed with closed doors in the dining-room. But, it got wind, and was seized as libellous, and brought the unlucky poet into severe affliction. Some two years afterwards, all of a sudden one day, Dumbledon vanished. It was whispered that the Chief himself had taken him down to the Docks, and re-shipped him for the Spanish Main; but nothing certain was ever known about his disappearance. At this hour, we cannot thoroughly disconnect him from California.

Our School was rather famous for mysterious pupils. There was another—a heavy young man, with a large double-cased silver watch, and a fat knife the handle of which was a perfect tool-box—who unaccountably appeared one day at a special desk of his own, erected close to that of the Chief, with whom he held familiar converse. He lived in the parlour, and want out for walks, and never took the least notice of us—even of us, the first boy—unless to give us a depreciatory kick, or grimly to take our hat off and throw it away, when he encountered us out of doors: which unpleasant ceremony he always performed as he passed—not even condescending to stop for the purpose. Some of us believed that the classical attainments of this phenomenon were terrific, but that his penmanship and arithmetic were defective, and he had come there to mend them; others, that he was going to set up a school, and had paid the Chief "twenty-five pound down," for leave to see our school at work. The gloomier spirits even said that he was going to buy us; against which contingency, conspiracies were set on foot for a general defection and running away. However, he never did that. After staying for a quarter, during which period, though closely observed, he was never seen to do anything but make pens out of quills, write small-hand in a secret portfolio, and puneh the point of the sharpest blade in his knife into his desk, all over it, he too disappeared, and his place knew him no more.

There was another boy, a fair, meek boy, with a delicate complexion and rich curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out (we have no idea now, and probably had none then, on what grounds, but it was confidentially revealed from mouth to mouth), was the son of a Viscount who had deserted his lovely mother. It was understood that if he had his rights, he would be worth twenty thousand a year. And that if his mother ever met his father, she would shoot him with a silver pistol which she carried, always loaded to the muzzle, for that purpose. He was a very suggestive topic. So was a young Mulatto, who was always believed (though very amiable) to have a dagger about him somewhere. But, we think they were both outshone, upon the whole, by another boy who claimed to have been born on the twenty-ninth of February, and to have only one birth-day in five years. We suspect this to have been a fiction—but he lived upon it all the time he was at Our School.

The principal currency of Our School was slate-pencil. It had some inexplicable value, that was never ascertained, never reduced to a standard. To have a great hoard of it, was somehow to be rich. We used to bestow it in charity, and confer it as a precious boon upon our chosen friends. When the holidays were coming, contributions were solicited for certain boys whose relatives were in India, and who were appealed for under the generic name of "Holiday-stoppers,"—appropriate marks of remembrance that should enliven and cheer them in their homeless state. Personally, we always contributed these tokens of sympathy in the form of slate-pencil, and always felt that it would be a comfort and a treasure so them.

Our School was remarkable for white mice. Redpolls, linnets, and even canaries, were kept in desks, drawers, hat-boxes, and other strange refuges for birds; but white mice were the favourite stock. The boys trained the mice, much better than the masters trained the boys. We recall one white mouse, who lived in the cover of a Latin dictionary, who ran up ladders, drew Roman chariots, shouldered muskets, turned wheels, and even made a very creditable appearance on the stage as the Dog of Montargis. He might have achieved greater things, but for having the misfortune to mistake his way in a triumphal procession to the Capitol, when he fell into a deep inkstand, and was dyed black and drowned. The mice were the occasion of some most ingenious engineering, in the construction of their houses and instruments of performance. The famous one belonged to a Company of proprietors, some of whom have since made Railroads, Engines, and Telegraphs; the chairman has erected mills and bridges in New Zealand.

The usher at our school, who was considered to know everything as opposed to the Chief who was considered to know nothing, was a bony, gentle-faced, clerical looking young man in rusty black. It was whispered that he was sweet upon one of Maxby's sisters (Maxby lived close by, and was a day pupil), and further that he "favoured Maxby." As we remember, he taught Italian to Maxby's sisters on half-holidays. He once went to the play with them, and wore a waistcoat and a rose; which was considered among us equivalent to a declaration. We were of opinion on that occasion that to the last moment he expected Maxby's father to ask him to dinner at five o'clock, and therefore neglected his own dinner at half-past one, and finally got none. We exaggerated in our imaginations the extent to which he punished Maxby's father's cold meat at supper: and we agreed to believe that he was elevated with wine and water when he came home. But, we all liked him; for he had a good knowledge of boys, and would have made it a much better school if he had had more power. He was writing-master, mathematical master, English master, made out the bills, mended the pens, and did all sorts of things. He divided the little boys with the Latin master (they were smuggled through their rudimentary books, at odd times when there was nothing else to do), and he always called at parents' houses to inquire after sick boys, because he had gentlemanly manners. He was rather musical, and on some remote quarter-day had bought an old trombone; but a bit of it was lost, and it made the most extraordinary sounds when he sometimes tried to play it of an evening. His holidays never began (on account of the bills) until long after ours; but, in the summer-vacations he used to take pedestrian excursions with a knapsack; and at Christmas-time, he went to see his father at Chipping Norton, who we all said (on no authority) was a dairy-fed-pork-butcher. Poor fellow! He was very low all day on Maxby's sister's wedding-day, and afterwards was thought to favour Maxby more than ever, though he had been expected to spite him. He has been dead these twenty years. Poor fellow!

Our remembrance of Our School, presents the Latin master as a colourless doubled-up near-sighted man with a crutch, who was always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under his old garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round. He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn: otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little energy as colour—as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness—as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a Mill of boys. We remember with terror how he fell asleep one sultry afternoon with the little smuggled class before him, and awoke not when the footstep of the Chief fell heavy on the floor; how the Chief aroused him, in the midst of a dread silence, and said, "Mr. Blinkins, are you ill, sir?" how he blushingly replied, "Sir, rather so;" how the Chief retorted with severity, "Mr. Blinkins, this is no place to be ill in" (which was very, very true), and walked back, solemn as the ghost in Hamlet, until, catching a wandering eye, he caned that boy for inattention, and happily expressed his feelings towards the Latin master through the medium of a substitute.

There was a fat little dancing-master who used to come in a gig, and taught the more advanced among us hornpipes (as an accomplishment in great social demand in after-life); and there was a brisk little French master who used to come in the sunniest weather, with a handleless umbrella, and to whom the Chief was always polite, because (as we believed) if the Chief offended him, he would instantly address the Chief in French, and for ever confound him before the boys with his inability to understand or reply.

There was, besides, a serving man, whose name was Phil. Our retrospective glance presents Phil as a shipwrecked carpenter, cast away upon the desert island of a school, and carrying into practice an ingenious inkling of many trades. He mended whatever was broken, and made whatever was wanted. He was general glazier, among other things, and mended all the broken windows—at the prime cost (as was darkly rumoured among us) of nineteence, for every square charged three-and-six to parents. We had a high opinion of his mechanical genius, and generally held that the Chief "knew something bad of him," and on pain of divulgence enforced Phil to be his bondsman. We particularly remember that Phil had a sovereign contempt for learning: which engenders in us a respect for sagacity, as it implies his accurate observation of the relative positions of the Chief and the ushers. He was an impenetrable man, who waited at table between whiles, and, throughout "the half" kept the boxes in severe custody. He was morose, even to the Chief, and never smiled, except at breaking-up, when, in acknowledgment of the toast, "Success to Phil! Hooray!" he would slowly carve a grin out of his wooden face, where it would remain until we were all gone. Nevertheless, one time when we had the scarlet fever in the school, Phil nursed all the sick boys of his own accord, and was like a mother to them.

There was another school not far off, and of course our school could have nothing to say to that school. It is mostly the way with schools, whether of boys or men. Well! the railway has swallowed up ours, and the locomotives now run smoothly over its ashes.

So fades and languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of,

—and is not proud of, too. It had little reason to be proud of Our School, and has done much better since in that way, and will do far better yet.—*Household Words.*

UNDER GROUND RAILROAD.—This road is doing better business this fall than usual. The Fugitive Slave Law has given it more vitality, more activity, more passengers, and more opposition, which invariably accelerates business. We have been under the necessity of tearing up the old strap rails, and putting down the regular T's, so that we can run a lot of slaves through from almost any of the bordering Slave States into Canada within 48 hours, and we defy the slaveholders and their abettors to beat that if they can.

We have just received a fresh lot to-day of hearty looking men on the last train from Virginia, and still there is room. Bring along your axes with which to make bow at your feet the forest on this the Queen's free soil, which awaits your coming.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

ANECDOTE OF SLEWYN.—During Lord Holland's last illness, George Selwyn called, and left his card. Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he would like to see me."—*Handbook of Modern London.*

——ARSENIC-EATERS IN AUSTRIA.—A poisoning case at Cilli has procured the publication of some interesting facts respecting the arsenic-eaters of Lower Austria and Styria. In both these provinces it appears to be a common custom among the peasantry to consume every morning a small portion of the deadly poison in the same manner as the eastern world consumes opium. Dr. Tschudi, the well-known traveller, publishes an account of several cases which have come to his knowledge. The habit does not seem to be so pernicious in its results as that of opium-eating. It is commenced by taking a very small dose, say somewhat less than half a grain, every morning, which is gradually increased to two or three grains. The case of a hale old farmer is mentioned, whose morning whet of arsenic reached the incredible quantity of four grains. The effect it produces is very curious. The arsenic-eaters grow fat and ruddy, so much so that the practice is adopted by lovers of both sexes, in order to please their sweethearts. It relieves the lungs and head very much also when mounting steep hills and entering into a more rarified atmosphere.

——AN EARLY GLIMPSE AT SCHILLER'S WALLENSTEIN.—Jean Paul's uncommonly quick intellect, and his extreme joviality, made him the most agreable of companions. Besides this, he was so far from despising the material enjoyments of life, that I have often had the pleasing task of escorting him home in a rather muddled condition. Goethe used to compare him in such moments to a salamander, a simile admirably descriptive of the spareness of his figure at that period.

... I also paid a visit of some days to Schiller, who at that time still resided at Jena; and was received with the utmost cordiality by him and by his excellent wife. In particular, he spoke a good deal of "Wallenstein," with which he was just then eagerly occupied. He begged me to furnish him with a faithful image of one of the battles in the thirty years' war, in order that he might borrow from it the general tone of colour for his picture of the death of Max Piccolomini. But when I came to him with great guns, culverins, and bombards, he clasped his hands together over his head, and exclaimed, "How can you expect me to choke up a scene which ought to make the highest tragic impression on the spectators, with all this smoke and noise? *Max* must not fall by a bullet: besides this, his death must be related only, not acted on the stage, something in the same way as Thereamene, in 'Phædra,' reports the fate of Hippolytus!" He was long scheming, this way and that, how he could best dispose of his hero on this principle; and every day I brought him a new plan, which he not less constantly rejected, as savouring far too much of military science. At length his determination was fixed. "I have got it!" he said "*Max* must not die by an enemy's hand: he must fall a sacrifice to death under the hoofs of his own horse, at the head of his cuirassier troop!" And thus arose that admirable description by the Swedish captain which we all read and admire to this day.—*Memoirs of Baron Von Wolzogen.*

——THE WIT OF SMALL CIRCLES.—I have seen many kinds of exclusive society, and I am not very much the admirer of ours. I happened to be in ——shire lately; there they are exceedingly exclusive: they exclude almost everybody, and certainly every topic that does not belong to that county. Everybody talks, thinks, and looks in ——shire. All are provokingly intimate with each other, and as provokingly unacquainted with everybody else. You are made to feel, as long as you are among them, that to know the world in general passes for nothing; but you must know every man, woman, and child, house, road, horse and dog, in ——shire, if you would be thought to know anything, and wish to understand what they are talking about. All their jokes are local. You hear a mightily flat story, about some person or other, that every one round you is ready to die of; and you stare about you, and try, by way of sociability, to get up a laugh, and then you are told, with a compassionate air, "Ah, if you did but know the person! The story is nothing without having seen him." And then what an inferior being you seem, the man who never saw Smith of Smithy Hall! I have seen people of a very different kind, people of family and rank, and of the world, who in their way were very snugly and amiably exclusive. I was once on a visit to the Caldecots, at their country place—that warren overrun with cousinship—the head-quarters of a family clique. It ought to have been charming to see a large party so united—impossible to disapprove, but equally impossible to like it. They were very merry together; but what intolerable wits to a stranger! They had among them a large stock of traditional jokes, known only to themselves, and the least possible allusion to any of these set a whole row tittering in an instant. One felt that the world was divided by them into two classes—those who were related to them and those who were not; and that they a little despised you for being of the latter. Then they had family names for things and persons, which they stared at you if you did not know. It was really difficult to learn! Everybody was alluded to by a nickname.

——SUFFERING FROM SMALL VEXATIONS.—It is a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help wishing we could move for returns, as their phrase is in parliament, of the suffering caused in any one day, or other period of time, throughout the world, to be arranged under certain heads; and we should then see what the world has occasion to fear most. What a large amount would come under the heads of unreasonable fear of others, of miserable quarrels amongst relations upon infinitesimally small subjects, of imaginary slights, of undue cares, of false shames, of absolute misunderstandings, of unnecessary pains to maintain credit or reputation, of vexation that we cannot make others of the same mind with ourselves. What a wonderful thing it would be to see set down in figures, as it were, how ingenious we are in plaguing one another. My own private opinion is that the discontent caused by injudicious dress worn entirely in deference, as it has before been remarked, to the most foolish of mankind, in fact to the tyrannous majority, would outweigh many an evil that sounded very big. Tested by these perfect returns, which I imagine might be made by the angelic world, if they regard human affairs, perhaps our every-day shaving, severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments, are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years; and we should find that women's stays did about as much harm, *i. e.* caused as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence—say